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IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

BY W. M.

Here is an honored grave and hallowed spot.
For we can read upon the upright stone
A name revered that cannot be forgot,
Tho' nigh thrice fifty years since she has gone.

Doubtless beloved when both fair and young,
A model wife, devoted mother true,
Whose praise is worthy to be sweetly sung,
A heroine and a brave patriot too.

We find our bosom stirred, feel homage glow
While we her resting place behold, revere,
'Twould seem the trees a veneration show,
As shine and shower they gently filter here.

We muse! 'Tis only noble lives extolled
That bid love carve their virtues on the stone
In lines of praise, and if by centuries old
These lines grow dim, or from our sight be gone,

Love finds in each warm bosom welcome space
To shrine the memory of a glorious name;
There fondly held in the close hearts embrace
It never fades lit by Love's deathless flame.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED)

RAVENHURST took a cigarette. "I must send some more," he said. "I have been to Ravenhurst."

"Oh," she said. "What have you been doing down there? I thought you never went there unless you were obliged; it's a dull hole, isn't it?"

"It isn't very lively," he assented; "but I was obliged to go; my father wished to see me."

"Oh," she said again, and she looked at him watchfully and curiously. She knew by his unusual gravity, a certain sternness about his eyes and lips, that something was the matter. When this look came into his face she was always conscious of a certain fear of him; there were times when the easy-going, pleasure-loving Ravenhurst was not too easy to manage. "What was it about?"

"Business," said Ravenhurst, "serious business."

"So I should imagine, by the look of you," she said. "You look as if you'd just come from a funeral. Was it bad news?"

"Very bad," he said, laconically. "My father's steward has been worrying him about the condition of our affairs. It seems as if they are in a bad way."

She laughed, and folded her hands behind her head, looking at him through her half-closed eyes.

"They always have been, haven't they?" she said. "You great swells are always in difficulties; but it never seems to make any difference. You can always get money when you want it, and are able to go on in the old sweet way."

"Yes," he said, slowly, "but I am afraid that we shall not be able to get money, as you put it, or go on in the old sweet way much longer."

"I'm sorry to hear it," she said. "But what was the use of your father sending to you? You couldn't help him." And she laughed again.

"He seems to think I can," said Ravenhurst, slowly; "or, rather, the steward does."

She looked at him with increased interest. "In what way?" she asked. "If you won't have any champagne yourself, you might give me some."

He opened a bottle, and poured out a glass, and took it across to her.

"Take a sip first," she said, "just to show there's no ill-feeling." And she laughed easily.

The words struck Ravenhurst as prophetic. There would be plenty of ill-feeling presently.

"There is only one way," he said, and he looked at her bravely, but with a straightening of the brows. "There is only one way for people like ourselves of getting money. That's by marrying."

She had the glass to her lips, but she arrested it dead short, caught her breath, and looked at him with wide open eyes, in which the rage was beginning to flare.

"Marrying!" she echoed, with parted lips, her hand gripping the slender stem of the glass.

"Yes," he said, gravely, and in a low voice. "There is no other way. I can't go out to the gold diggings, and, if I did, I should only probably find dirt; I haven't a system to break the bank at Monte Carlo; there is no way on earth of helping us over the stile, except by my marrying money."

She sat upright and drank the champagne.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"What could I say?" he replied. "When one's father appeals to one to save him and the family from utter ruin, what is a man to say?"

She breathed hard. "But who is there you can marry?" she asked. "Or, perhaps," with a curl of the lips and a sneer, "they have got the young lady already for you?"

Much as he resented her tone, he felt that it was only natural. He was full of pity for her.

"Well, yes, Deborah," he said, "as it happens, they have a certain young lady in their minds."

"Oh, have they?" she said, scornfully. "Then they can put her out of their minds as soon as they like. You can't marry!"

"Why not?" he asked.

She rose to her full height and looked at him with angry eyes. "You forget; there's me!"

He met her furious gaze steadily, gravely. "No, Deborah," he said, "I have not forgotten. I remember all that is due to you, and I am sorry that I should have to tell you this. It's not an easy thing to do, and I fancy it's as painful to me as it is to you. It's always a hard thing to break the links of a connection like ours; but it has to be done when stern necessity compels it."

She panted for breath. "You break with me!" she said, between her teeth. For a moment her rage and indignation threatened to master her; but she controlled herself with a great effort, for she wanted to know something more.

"Go on!" she said. "You may as well tell me all, I must know it, sooner or later, and I'd better know it at once! Who is she? But I can guess!" with a sneer and a harsh laugh. "Some daughter of a soap boiler or a patent medicine man. I know the sort of girl. A fat, podgy creature, with red hair and a squint, and the manners of a shop girl; or some lanky, clumsy monstrosity you wouldn't look at if it wasn't for her money."

As the vision of Jess rose before his mind, Ravenhurst set his teeth hard and frowned; but he controlled himself and answered her quietly.

"I shouldn't deserve anything better, Deborah!" he said, "but, as it happens, she isn't that kind of girl at all. But it doesn't matter."

"Oh, yes, it does," she said. "It matters a great deal to me. I want to know who she is, all about her! What's her name?"

To voice Jess' name at that moment, in that room, in the presence of this superb fury, seemed like sacrilege to him. Her very name—Jess!—was sacred to him. Love sang in the little name, and he never thought of it without calling up a vision of its owner. He hesitated a moment, and she shot out.

"Well?"

"Her name is Newton," he said.

"What is her other name?" she asked.

He hesitated again, and his face grew darker.

"Jess!" he said, in a low voice.

"Jess!" she echoed, contemptuously, and with a sneering laugh. "It sounds like the name of nobody, of the kind of the kind of girl I've pictured. What's her father—a soap boiler? But it doesn't matter."

"Her father is an African merchant," said Ravenhurst.

She broke into a harsh laugh. "And so you're going to manner a darkey, Ravenhurst?"

"You mistake," he said, his face flushing through its tan. "Her father is not an African, but a man who has business in Africa; but, as you say, it doesn't matter."

"No," she retorted, "because you're not going to marry her. As I said, there's me! If you're going to marry anybody, you're going to marry me!"

"I'm afraid that's not possible, Deborah," he said.

"Why not?" she demanded.

There were several reasons, but Ravenhurst confined himself to the salient one. "I couldn't afford it," he said. "If you were the daughter of a millionaire soap boiler," he said, "as you put it——"

"But I'm not," she said. "But that isn't going to make any difference. You promised to marry me—perhaps you've forgotten that?"

"No, I haven't," he said. "I have forgotten nothing, but I do not think you will hold me to that promise, Deborah, seeing how we stand. I'm not speaking for myself; I am not thinking of myself; I'm thinking of my father."

"What's he got to do with me?" she demanded. "He's nothing to me! He'd look down upon me as if I were dirt. Why should I sacrifice myself for him? You come and tell me this after—after all we've been to each other; it's enough to drive a woman mad!"

She began to pace up and down, her face flushing beneath its rouge and powder, so that her complexion looked like a mask, her large eyes darting fire, her hands clinching and unclinching spasmodically. She looked superb, a magnificent creature, but painfully like a wild animal lashing itself into a rage.

Ravenhurst watched her and thought of Jess, sweet little Jess, with her girlish innocence and serenity; and he wondered in his heart how he could ever, for one moment, have bestowed a thought upon this woman.

He remembered how she had entrapped and ensnared him—for the process had been nothing less—with her physical beauty and her affectation of innocence and affection for him.

He had been bewitched, as a young man is apt to be, by the brilliant exterior of the girl, and had suffered himself to be blinded by his infatuation, and insensible to her faults.

She had deceived him scores of times; but if he had been suspicious, he had persuaded himself that there was no cause. He knew she was vulgar; he suspected that she was mercenary, but he had never asked himself, until this day, what became of the large sums of money she had had from him, in addition to the innumerable gifts in gems and gold.

Many men would have cut short the interview, and left the rest of the business to their lawyers; but Ravenhurst felt that he owed her something, that his past love for her—if the sacred word can be used—was debt which he must pay.

So he listened patiently, with his eyes on the carpet, and his brows straightened.

"If any man had told me that you'd treat me like this, I should have called him a liar," she went on, glaring at him over her shoulder, when her back was turned to him. "Look at what I've given up for you, my profession, my career on the stage!"

He did not retort that it was not at all a promising career, but instead, he said, gently, "You can go back, Deborah. I will do what I can to help you with the manager."

"Go back! How can I? It's too late—I mean that I'm out of the swim now, and it would take ever so long to get a decent engagement. Besides, I don't relish going back. No, thank you! Not me! After being a lady all this time."

"Well, you need not go back," he said. "Of course, I will make a provision for you."

"Oh, you will!" she said, with an affectation of indignation. "I daresay; a paltry hundred or two a year! No; I say once and for all, that if you marry anyone it will be me!"

"I cannot marry you, Deborah," he said.

"Very well, then," she said, raising her hand and shaking it threateningly. "Then I'll go straight to a lawyer, and take your letters with me. The law will protect an injured woman."

"You mean that you will bring an action against me for breach of promise, Deborah?" he said, still patiently, but with an ominous tightening of his lips.

"That's what I mean!" she said, defiantly. "It will be a pleasant sight to see Lord Ravenhurst, the son of the great Earl of Clansmere, in the witness box!"

"Yes," he said. "It will be a pleasant sight for all our *friends*! Well, Deborah, I suppose I deserve it, and I must bear it. You know my lawyers, they will receive the writ."

She looked at him out of the corners of eyes, saw that he meant it, and began to change her tone; began to cry and sob, in an hysterical fashion, mopping her eyes delicately, as was rendered necessary by the powder and paint.

"You are behaving like a brute," she said.

"Yes," he said, "I know it must seem so to you; but what can I do? I have offered to do all that I can to atone for my folly. I will help you back to the stage, I will see that your future is cared for; I cannot marry you, and we must part to-night."

She threw herself on the sofa, and clutched at the cushion with her heavily-ringed hands.

"No, not to-night!" she said. "There's no need for us to part like this; it isn't like you to say so. You'll come and see me again, Bruce. Come to-morrow; let me think it over, it's all so sudden like. Mind," she went on, viciously, "I don't promise to let you off, but—but I'll think it over."

"Very well," he said, "I will come to-morrow. I know that it is sudden, I know exactly how you feel, and I want to make it easy for you. You shall do exactly as you please. If you bring an action against me, Deborah, I shall not defend it." He took up his hat. "Good night!"

"You're not going like that?" she said, hysterically.

He went over to her and kissed her on the forehead. She knew it was the last kiss she would ever receive from him, and she felt tempted, in her passionate rage, to strike him; and when he had left the room she did strike the cushion on which she lay.

The door opened, and Mr. Glave entered. He stood looking at her, with his hands in his pockets, and his mouth twitched from side to side, in a fashion peculiar to him; then he emitted a very low whistle.

"You've heard!" she exclaimed, swinging round upon him, with her arms outstretched.

"Every word!" he said. "It's funny that it should have come so soon, just after I'd warned you."

She glared at him. "If you've heard every word, you've heard what I threatened to do. And I'll do it!"

"Hem!" he said, dubiously. "I don't know. I'm not so sure that that's your best game."

"Oh, ain't you?" she said.

"No," he said, helping himself to champagne and lighting a cigarette. "Here, have some wine. And we'll talk it over sensibly. You played your part very well while he was here; but you'd better cool down now, and think it over sensibly and calmly."

"It's all very well for you to talk," she retorted. "You'd find it difficult to be calm if you'd been treated as I've been."

"No, I shouldn't," he said. "I should sit tight and try to find out the way of getting the best of him. That's my style of meeting difficulties. Now, look here, Deborah; as to this breach of promise; it was all very well for you to threaten him with it, but is it the best thing to do? I doubt it. Of course, it would be very nice to have him in the witness box, and see him badgered by a bounder in a wig and gown; but perhaps he wouldn't go—he said he wouldn't,"

"I'd make him!" she said, between her teeth.

"No, Deborah, my dear, you can't make him. He said he wouldn't defend it."

"Then I'd get heavy damages," she said. "Thousands of pounds."

"I—I—don't know. Juries don't sympathise with injured damsels so much as they used to do. I am inclined to think that their sympathy might go all the other way. They'd remember that his father's an earl, they'd think of his family, they'd put themselves in his place, and—I don't want to be rude, Deborah, or to hurt your feelings, but—well, you're not so young as you used to be, and if he defended the action his counsel might ask inconvenient questions."

"I'm not afraid," she said, sullenly, but she bit her lip and lowered her eyes.

"No, you've got plenty of pluck," he said, but the beggars have a way of taking up the past, and dragging out all the disagreeable bits in it. For instance, they'd find out about——"

"That'll do," she said, angrily, and she sprang to her feet, and began to pace the room again. "Anyone would think, to hear you, that you were a friend of his!"

"Would they?" he said, with an ugly smile. "Then they'd be mistaken. There's no love lost between me and Lord Ravenhurst, and you know it. It would give me the greatest pleasure to see him a laughing-stock of his set; but I'm thinking of you, don't you see, Deborah; and what's best for you to do."

"Well?" she demanded ungraciously.

"If I were you," he said, after a moment or two of thought, "I should drop the little game you played this evening and go on the soft and gentle, and patiently-resigned role."

"Oh, you would, would you?" she said, with a sneer.

"Yes, I should. I should take whatever he offered, and part with him on the best of terms. I should keep him as a friend."

"A pretty friend!" she exclaimed.

"He might be a very useful one," he continued. "It's always useful to have a man like Ravenhurst for a friend. I'd get him to come and see me now and again, or, at any rate, not to cut me when he met me. And I should keep my eyes open."

She stopped and looked at him intently.

"You can't tell what may turn up. While you keep out of the law courts you'll always have a kind of hold upon him. Some day you might be able to put a spoke in his wheel, to pay him back with interest; or you might put the screws on, and get something worth having out of him, without the unpleasant risk of a cross-examination."

She had been looking over his head with an expression of cunning reflection; while he had been giving his advice, in slow and soft sentences, and, now that he had finished, she smiled, as if she saw his meaning, and relished it.

"I believe you're right, after all," she said, gnawing her lips softly, and fingering the rings on her left hand. "Yes, I believe you're right."

"I know I am," he said. "When he comes to-morrow, meet him with the patient and resigned business—but not too suddenly, mind. Accept what he offers, and let him think that you have resolved to make the best of things. Part with him in the nicest way, and be sure to make him promise to come and see you now and again."

"He won't do that!" she said, shaking her head. "You don't know him. When he's got that look on his face that he'd got to-night, I know that he's made up his mind, and nothing in the world can move him."

"Well, you can try," he said. Get him to talk of the girl. Learn all you can about her; it might be useful. I'll drop in the day after to-morrow—perhaps to-morrow night, and we can talk it over."

"Very well," she said. There was a pause, then she looked at him curiously, through her half-closed eyes. "I believe you'd do anything to injure Ravenhurst, 'Enery," she said.

He smiled at her as he rose to go. "You are right," he said, "I would!"

CHAPTER XII.

THURSDAY, the day for which they were invited to the Castle, came round, and Jess stood before the glass, receiving the finishing touches from Janet's hands—those little touches which, though they seem so slight and unnecessary, are of such importance in the eyes of women.

To-night Jess was conscious of a flutter and excitement which was more pronounced than that which she had experienced on the night of the ball.

Going to dinner at the Castle was like exploring an unknown and mysterious territory, capable of producing the most astonishing surprises. No young girl could be anything but charmed with the earl, and Jess was pleased with the thought that she should see him again.

As to Lord Ravenhurst, for some reason, which she would have found it difficult to explain, she tried not to think of him; he had been too much in her thoughts since the day he had saved her from falling into the Raven.

More than once she had caught herself staring before her, on a walk, or at the dinner table, quite lost to her surroundings, and thinking of the tall figure, the pleasant, deep toned voice of the man who had so strangely crossed her life's path, not only crossed it, but, as it seemed, was pacing beside her, and already exerting influence against which her maidenly instinct struggled faintly and vaguely.

She wondered why it was that she did not think of Frank Forde in this way; and she concluded that it was because he was so different, so boyish, and so shy, as frank as his name, and with nothing mysterious or suggestive about him.

He had been up to the Grange every morning, as usual, sauntering round the garden, and talking with her father, or going for a drive with her. Sometimes he was chatty and in high spirits, at others he was depressed and very silent, and Jess wondered on those latter occasions what was the matter with him.

Never for a moment did it enter her head that he was in love with her, and that he was only waiting for a courageous moment to declare that love. In her eyes he was just a nice boy—for a girl always regards a young man of her own age as a mere boy; and perhaps she is right.

"I think that's all, now, Miss," said Janet. "Oh, there's one more button to that glove. And here's your fan, and I'll put the cloak on in the hall, Miss, for Mr. Newton, he always likes to see you before I wrap you up. And she looked over Jess's shoulder triumphantly as Jess descended the stairs and stood like a soldier on parade, for her father's pride and affection, and a faint flush came into Jess's face, which was rather pale that evening.

As the chariot whirled them towards the Castle she seemed rather thoughtful.

"You like going to night, Jess?" he said, glancing at her.

"Yes, father," she said, with a little start.

"I hope you'll not be disappointed. You may find it rather dull. These places, and this kind of people, are apt to be somewhat dreary; their class and their surroundings are growing effete and worn out. The dinner will, no doubt, be a stately affair; there will be a little music in the drawing-room, together with a polite kind of conversation, punctuated by concealed yawns."

"Oh, dear!" said Jess. "What a dreadful picture, father! But, I think you exaggerate: Lord Clansmere does not seem at all worn out."

"No," he said, drily. "I see that you have not put on your jewels to-night."

Jess blushed. Some instinct had told her that it would be better to go to the Castle as quietly dressed as possible. Even the handsome gems which her father had given her would, no doubt, pale to insignificance beside those owned by the Castle people; and she was already beginning to understand that there were too many signs of newly-got wealth about the Grange and its surroundings.

"I think you are right," he said. "You are very quick for so young a girl, Jess. Where did you learn your worldly wisdom." Jess only laughed.

The carriage drew up, and a couple of stately footmen came down the steps to open the door and escort them into the hall, and Jess received her first sensation as she entered.

The vast space, with its softened light, its carved oak, its dusky pictures, in their dull gold frames, the stands of armor, the tattered flags hanging from the vaulted roof, impressed her with a feeling of something like awe.

In a vague way it reminded her of an old church, and the butler, who came forward with stately dignity, and a respectful bow, ought, she thought, to have worn canonicals.

A maid conducted her up the broad staircase, along the corridor, and to a room which was as unlike her own dainty one at the Grange as possible.

Everything seemed old, the furniture looked as if it had been built in the room itself, and was meant to remain there till the end of time; but as the maid took off Jess's cloak she noticed that the dressing table was furnished with the various little toilet luxuries so dear to the feminine heart, and that in their midst stood a large antique bowl, filled with roses, whose perfume scented the air. She wondered who had put them there.

Her father was waiting in the hall, and they entered the drawing room. A silver-haired old lady came forward, with the earl by her side, to welcome her.

"This is my sister, Lady Marvelle, Miss Newton," he said.

The old lady, who seemed a feminine edition of the earl, gave Jess her hand, and smiled sweetly, and said the usual thing, in a kindly voice. Then, from behind her, stepped forward Lord Ravenhurst. Jess raised her eyes rather shyly. She was only a girl, fresh from school, not a blase woman of the world, and she could not but remember their last meeting, and the fact that she had lain in his arms.

But Ravenhurst was a man of the world, and neither by look, nor tone, nor pressure of the hand did he convey any consciousness of sharing her memory; and his greeting, so full of cordiality and that nameless charm which all the Clansmeres possessed, stilled Jess's beating heart, and at once set her at her ease.

She glanced round the drawing-room with pardonable curiosity and its old-world air struck her, and contrasted with the newish splendor of the Grange.

There was a scent of roses here, too, but it came through the open window from the garden. To Jess's relief and surprise, these great people did not appear to be at all stiff, their manners were simplicity itself; the earl talked to her father as if he had known him for years. Lady Marvelle smiled at Jess, and chatted as if she were really glad to see her, and Lord Ravenhurst sat on the arm of one of the old-fashioned chairs and joined in the conversation with that perfect ease, that unaffected air of being delighted with his company which is the perfection of good breeding.

Dinner was announced, and the earl came forward and gave Jess his arm. Mr. Newton followed with Lady Marvelle, and Ravenhurst brought up the rear.

A big dog ran up to him as they passed through the hall, and Jess noticed how Lord Ravenhurst caressed the animal, and with what joy the huge dog received the attention.

"I hope you're fond of dogs, Miss Newton?" said the earl. "I'm afraid you'll find them almost in every room in the house. We manage to keep them out fairly well while Bruce is absent, but immediately he comes home they seem to consider that they have a right of admittance, and I regret to say that, notwithstanding all our efforts, they are all over the place. The fact is, he encourages them." He looked over his shoulder at Ravenhurst. "Bruce, don't let that huge beast come in the dining-room; he'll fidget Miss Newton."

"Oh, please, don't send him away," said Jess. "I am very, very fond of dogs, and I don't think my house is really nice without them."

"Say 'Thank you,' Lance," said Ravenhurst, with a nod towards Jess. The dog ran forward in front of her and held up a huge paw, and Jess, delighted, bent down and shook it.

A light as soft as that in the hall suffused to light the dining-room; the same air of repose, refinement, and absolute serenity was perceptible to Jess. They dined at an oval table, which was adorned by some of the antique plate which had stood upon the Clansmere table at which royalty had been seated; and the glitter and shimmer of the precious metal was toned down and softened by a profusion of flowers.

Not gaudy blossoms, but soft greys and yellows of iris, clematis, and tea-roses. The servants were so well trained and so noiseless that Jess scarcely noticed their presence; and as to stiffness, there was not a particle of it in any one of the Clansmeres.

The earl kept a servant waiting at his elbow with a dish, while he was talking to Jess, and once he took an entree from the butler's hand, and himself helped Jess. Lord Ravenhurst laughed and talked continually, and Lance gave the finishing touch to the tone of geniality and freedom from restraint by making himself one of the party.

To Jess's infinite delight the great dog attached himself to her. He sat close beside her, at times resting his nose in her lap, at others touched her gently and reprovingly with his paw, and keeping his large, lovingly-pathetic eyes upon her face.

"May I give him something?" she asked of the earl. "I know it is very wicked to feed a dog at table."

"It is criminal in the last degree, Miss Newton," he said. "But, I am ashamed to say that we are all hardened sinners in that respect, and my sister the worst of all. Send him round to Bruce, who ought to be answerable for his good behaviour." But Jess pressed the dog's head to her, and now and again fed him with dainty morsels. She glanced at her father, and saw that his somewhat frigid manner was melting under the sunshine of the Clansmere geniality, and that he was talking as freely as he had talked to the earl at the Grange, and that not infrequently he laughed in his subdued way at some witticism of the earl's, or jest of Lord Ravenhurst's.

It was the pleasantest dinner that Jess had ever imagined. She forgot that this was the dining-room of Ravenhurst Castle, that the smiling, soft-voiced old man was the great earl whom everyone, for miles round, regarded with a kind of awe, that the silvery-haired old lady, with the simple, and even somewhat timid manner, was his sister; and it was with something like surprise that she saw Lady Marvelle rise, for the dinner, which Jess had expected would be long and dreary, had proved short and delightful.

Girl as she was, she began to understand the charm which belongs to rank, high-breeding, and the simplicity which denote them.

In the drawing room, Lady Marvelle was just as amiable and friendly. She led Jess to talk of her school life, of her pursuits and amusements since she had joined her father.

Then, insensibly, she led the conversation towards Lord Ravenhurst. It was evident to Jess that, in this old lady's eyes, at least, Lord Ravenhurst was everything that was noble and brave.

She told Jess how brave he had been as a boy; how he had fought in Egypt; how kind and attentive he always was to her.

"He always comes and dines with me at least twice in the season, my dear, and sometimes he will insist upon taking me to the opera. This may not appear much to you, but most young men are so selfish nowadays, and are apt to forget an old woman like me. Bruce is never selfish, and he never forgets."

Jess listened with downcast eyes, and a pleasure which puzzled her.

"Talking of the opera," said Lady Marvelle. "Are you fond of music? I am, very. Will you play or sing to me?"

"I am afraid to do so," said Jess.

Lady Marvelle smiled. "You need not be, my dear," she said, in quite a motherly way. "I like to hear young girls sing,

and I do not expect them to do so like a professional; in fact I preserve the simple ballad, simply and unaffectedly sung."

Jess, with a self-unconsciousness which Lady Marvelle was quick to notice, at once went to the piano, and sang one of the schoolgirl songs which had always succeeded in bringing the girls round the tinkettle piano at Minerva House.

While she was singing the gentlemen entered. Lady Marvelle held up her finger warningly, and, as Ravenhurst crossed over to her, said, in a low voice:—

"Bruce, she is charming. As innocent and unsophisticated as a flower. Listen to her voice; it is like a bird's thrill!"

He laid his hand upon her shoulder, very gently, and looked into the kindly eyes almost gratefully, then he went to the piano, but stopped short and drew back, permitting the earl to take his place.

"Thank you, thank you, my dear Miss Newton," said the old man, in his courtly way. "You have a beautiful voice, and you sing from the heart. As I listened to you I remembered the words of a poet, who, I fear, is somewhat neglected of late. He says, and says truly, that—

"'In spite of criticising elves,
Those who would have us feel, must feel themselves.'

"You will sing for us again?"

Jess sang "Robin Adair," and the earl leant against the piano and beat time softly, with nodding head and waving hands.

What young girl could resist such homage from such a man? Lord Ravenhurst kept away from the piano with difficulty. Her voice—the sweet, girlish voice—was thrilling through his heart. At that moment, as he listened to her, he thought of that woman, Deborah, and the contrast only served to intensify Jess's charm. He shuddered, and drew a long breath of relief as he thought that he had parted with Deborah for ever. Oh, fool! fool! Yes, that was the name for him. His past folly rose and burnt within him like a shame. He felt almost unworthy to speak to this innocent girl, to go near her; but when Jess rose he cast all thought of Deborah from him, and he went up to Jess and said—

"Thank you very much." That was all, but the look in his dark eyes said so much more.

They moved towards the window. "Come and look at the moon," he said. "Stay, let me get you a wrap!" But Jess laughed.

"Why, it is quite warm out here, she said, "What a lovely garden!" she added, as she looked over the lawns, not so immaculate as those of the Grange; not overburdened with glaring flowers, but broken here and there by softly gleaming statuary, whose marble was stained and dimmed by years of weather.

"Come down the steps," he said. A simple sentence, but thrilling with a strong man's love held in restraint. They went down the steps and walked a little way between the beds of roses.

Jess happened to stumble slightly, catching her foot on the edge of her long dress, as he took her hand quickly and drew it within his arm. The workings of the human heart and mind are full of mystery.

Usually Ravenhurst was as cool as a cucumber where women were concerned; but to night, he, so to speak, lost his balance. His love for Jess seemed to rise like a flame within his breast; the touch of her hand upon her arm moved him as he had thought never to have been moved.

He, generally so ready with his tongue, could find no words, no commonplace words, to utter. There was a desire in his heart to say to her, and to say only, "I love you!"

He stopped beside a standard rose, and picked one of the flowers.

"I want to give you this," he said, and his voice sounded almost stern with his effort at self restraint.

Jess took it without a word, and tried to fix it in the bosom of her dress; but, somehow, her fingers seemed to tremble, she let the flower fall. He stooped and picked it up.

"May I?"; he said, looking at her.

She raised her eyes to his, Something in them made her eyes droop. He put the flower in his place, and as she raised her hand to help him their hands touched. His fingers closed over hers and held them, and he stood looking into her face pleadingly, anxiously—

"Jess!" he whispered. Then he remembered that she was here as his father's guest, that he must not make love to her now. "Jess," he said, "I want to speak to you—I've something to tell you—I must not say it now, here. Will you let me meet you to-morrow—by the Raven—where we parted? Jess—Miss Newton, don't be angry! You will listen to me! You will come?"

Jess looked at him, then away, with a troubled look, half startled, questioning.

"I—will come!" she said, at last, in a voice so low that he had to bend forward to hear her.

He took her hand, and half raised it to his lips, then he arrested its progress.

"I must not! I have no right—yet! But to-morrow! You will come?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE rest of the evening—when they had returned to the drawing room—and until the hour of departure came, was passed by Jess as if she were in a dream. She knew that Lord Ravenhurst was always near her—though he scarcely spoke—and that his nearness seemed like a protection, a shield against her own nervousness and abstraction; she knew, as she and her father said "good night" in the hall, that it was Lord Ravenhurst who escorted her to the carriage, and she heard him whisper, "I will be there at eleven; you will come?" and, though she could not speak, her silence answered for her.

She leant back in the carriage and closed her eyes; a mist seemed to surround her, shutting her off from even her father, whom she had learnt to love, and from whom she had thought never to be divided.

Lord Ravenhurst's words kept ringing in her ears, and she found her lips forming the sentences, as if she were trying to tell herself that he had really spoken them, and that she had not merely dreamt them.

"Tired, Jess?" asked Mr. Newton.

"No—yes," she said with a little start; her voice sounding in her own ears as if it belonged to someone else.

"It has been a pleasant evening," he said. "That kind of people can be very charming—when they like. One feels as if one were under a spell; but I suspect it is all 'theatre,' as the French say. Men and women of their rank acquire that peculiar manner from their birth; and it fits them as their clothes, and furniture and houses do. One must be careful not to attach too great a value to it; and most of all, to guard against being deceived."

Her father's words jarred Jess.

"Do you mean that they did not mean to be kind, that—that it was false, father?" she asked, in a low voice.

He smiled grimly.

"I won't go as far as that, Jess," he said. "Yes, they want to be kind; but to be kind and amiable, and charming, is their business in life, and one must remember that they treat all alike. If the Burgesses or the Browns were dining there to-night, the Clansmeres would treat them just the same."

Jess shivered a little, then a smile, a beautiful smile, swept over her face. Oh, no, Lord Ravenhurst would not treat them, would not speak to them as he had spoken to her! She knew that.

Tired as she was, she slept little that night. Why should she sleep when it was ecstacy to lay awake and recall his face, lit up with love; to repeat his words, glowing with love's music.

She was paler than usual when she came down to breakfast, and Mr. Newton looked at her gravely.

"Too much dissipation, Jess," he said, shaking his head. "I shall have to take you up to London for quiet and rest. You had better go and lie down this morning and try and sleep; there are never too many roses in your cheeks, but I don't like to see you so much like a lily."

There were plenty of roses in her face as she bent over and kissed him.

"I will rest this afternoon, dear," she said in a low voice.

He nodded, and turned to his letters. They were numerous that morning, and some of them seemed important, for he did not speak again, and went off to his library very soon.

Jess went into the garden and wandered amongst the flowers until it was time to start for the river. It never occurred to her that Lord Ravenhurst had been overbold in asking her to meet him; nor did it seem in any way wrong that she should do so. She had not gone through the enlightening fire of a London season, had no mother to tell her that if Lord Ravenhurst wished to propose to her, he should come to her father's house. It seemed right and natural to her that he should want to meet her, just where they had met the other day, beside the brawling river, within sight of the rock from which he had rescued her.

Still, her hands trembled and quivered as she put on her hat. And how swiftly the red came and went in her face, as she looked into the glass, as if to discover why this king among men had chosen her for his heart's queen.

Was she pretty, really pretty? she wondered. Surely, surely he must have met women ten times more beautiful than herself; women who were brilliant and clever, as well as beautiful; women who were a thousand times worthier of being his—his wife!

As she went down the stairs, she paused a moment at the library door. What would her father say when she came back and told him? Would he be glad or sorry? He had said that he hated the class to which Lord Ravenhurst belonged; but one may hate a class, and yet like a certain member of it, and who could help liking, admiring her hero, her king?

It was a lovely morning; the sun was shining, not glaringly, but softly, through a break of heavy clouds; the river, fined down now, ran like a blue ribbon through the meadows, the trees were clothed in summer garb.

The birds sang from a copse on the other bank, with a joyousness which seemed to Jess to have a new and subtle note in its music. She looked round and drew a long breath, and felt as if the world had taken to itself a new beauty. Something was singing in her heart in harmony with the song of the birds, and the ripple of the river. Oh, love, love! of all the gifts of the gods to the children of men, thou art the most precious and the most divine!

As she came in sight of the spot where he had waded ashore with her, she saw him; and as he came towards her her heart seemed to stop for a second, then throbbed so fiercely.

He came forward with both hands outstretched, but he dropped one as if he would not presume too much, not take all for granted.

"You have come!" he said, in a low voice, his eyes seeking her face, eagerly, anxiously.

"Yes," she murmured, with lowered lids; "I said I would come; did you think——?"

"No, I knew you would keep a promise, however quickly, however lightly made. I seem to know you so well, already! But I feared at times that your father would—that you would perhaps tell him, and that he would forbid you, Miss Newton. If I have done wrong in asking you to meet me, forgive me! I wanted to speak last night—but that would have been wrong, unfair."

They had walked on side by side, slowly; Jess still with downcast eyes, his drawn to her face.

"And—and now that we have met," he went on after a pause, a moment or two of silence, in which Jess wondered whether he could hear the beating of her heart. "I am almost afraid to tell you! It seems too great a thing to ask you—Miss Newton, Jess—may I call you Jess?"

She did not forbid him; did not speak.

"I want to tell you that I love you. I want to ask you to be my wife."

He stopped—they had reached a little clump of river-side trees—and looked down at her. His face was pale and grave, and here was love's uncertainty, love's suspense, shining in his dark eyes.

"I love you with all my heart, and soul, Jess, and if you will say 'Yes'! you will make me the happiest of men. Oh, my dear, try and say 'yes;' there is no other woman in the world for me but you"!

She looked away from him to the narrow ledge of rock to which she had clung the other day. She seemed to be clinging there still—but with what a certainty of his presence, his protection!

"I ought not to have told you so soon, so suddenly," he went on, in a lower voice, one of pleading excuse. "It must seem almost rough, and—foolhardy for me to speak to you when we know so little of each other; but I—I can scarcely believe that we met for the first time only the other day, that we have spent such a little time together. I suppose it is because I have thought of you so much, that I love you so, that it seems ages since that day we came down together. If you loved me as I love you, you would understand, Jess!'

She was silent, still looking away from him, and he took her hand gently, and yet with suppressed eagerness.

"Speak to me, Jess! I love you, I want you to be my wife!"

"What shall I say?" she whispered, rather to her own heart than to him.

He bent nearer.

"Say that you will. Say that you love me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE THIMBLE.—The thimble was originally called a thumb-bell, because worn on the thumb, then a thumble, and then a thimble. It was a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England in 1695.

COMBINGS.—The Coreans have remarkably fine heads of hair, and they put their "combings" to a use that has perhaps never been seen elsewhere. A very large number of the saddle-cloths placed under the packs of their ponies are made of human hair woven into coarse mats or bags, and the halters and head-ropes of their animals are largely composed of the same material.

FOOD PLANTS.—Of all the plants used for food there is none which has been so long known or has had, so to say, so distinguished a lineage as asparagus. Its record, in fact, reaches back to almost the commencement of authentic history, as it is mentioned by the comic poet Cratinus, who died about 425 B. C., and was a contemporary of, though slightly older than, Aristophanes.

THE SPIDER.—The spider is so well supplied with the silky thread with which it makes its web that an experimenter once drew out of the body of a single specimen three thousand four hundred and eighty yards of the thread—a length but little short of two miles. A fabric woven of spider's thread is more glossy than that from the silk worm's product, and is of a beautiful golden color.

CANES.—It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold, pierced with holes like a pepper box. The top contained a small amount of aromatic powder or snuff, and, on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

NOVEL TEST BEFORE "PROPOSING."—A curious custom prevails among Roumanian peasants. When a Roumanian girl is of a marriageable age her trousseau, which has been carefully woven, spun, and embroidered by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box. When a young man thinks of asking to be allowed to pay his attentions to the girl, he is at liberty to examine the trousseau. If he is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry, he makes a formal application for the girl's hand; but if not, he is quite at liberty to retire.

BOTANY AND COLOR.—It is a remarkable fact in botany that no species of flower ever embraces, in the colors of its petals, the whole range of the spectrum. Where there are yellows and reds there are no blues; when blue and red occur, there are no yellows; and, when we have blues and yellows, there are no reds. Tulips come nearer to covering the whole range of the spectrum than any other species. They can be found ranging through reds, yellows, and purples, but a blue one has never been found.

BANANAS.—It is a well-established fact that the banana is one of the most nourishing fruits, and it is this fact that, combined with the cheapness of the fruit, accounts to a great extent for its popularity. It may not be generally known however that in Africa the tribes dwelling around Lake Nyassa regard it as a sacred fruit. When one of their number dies, his grave is dug close to his home and a banana tree is planted over his head, so that the fruit he loved in life may be enjoyed in death. These bananas are thenceforward sacred to deceased relatives, are held in great awe, and no one would dare to injure them.

TIME OF DAY.—The Chinese and some of the negro tribes in Africa often examine the eyes of their pets in order to ascertain the time of the day. Some of the East Indians can tell one very nearly the time of the day by this means. Abbe Hue, the French Jesuit priest, when travelling in China and Chinese Tartary, had occasion to ask his attendant the time of the day. The man immediately went over to a cat that was basking in the sun and examined its eyes, then told the abbe that it was about two hours after noon. On being questioned how he knew that, he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning, and that they gradually grew smaller as the light increased, until they reached their minimum at noon—that then they began to widen again, till at night they became large.

UNSPOKEN.

Ah, never doubt my love is true,
That not in speech it flows,
For, dear, I cannot tell it you,
My heart no language knows,
And still can only yearn and ache
In silence, though it break.

But not by any speech is known
The hidden lore of deep and height;
The sea has nothing but a moan,
The dark is silent, and the light;
The grandest music needs no word
To make its meaning heard.

You dwell amidst my daily strife,
A thing apart, divine,
And all that's noblest in my life
Is increased at your shrine,
For every worthy deed I do
Is done for love of you.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

HE knelt down on the ground, sobbing like a child. Lord Linleigh stole away gently, leaving him there.

In another five minutes the whole household was aroused, and the dismay, the fear, the consternation could never be told in words.

The servants at first seemed inclined to lose themselves, to wander backward and forward without aim, weeping, wringing their hands, crying to each other that their lady had been murdered while they slept; but Lord Linleigh pointed out forcibly that some one must have done the deed, and it behooved them to search before the murderer could make good his escape.

No one was to enter the room until the detectives had arrived, and men were to mount the fleetest horses, to gallop over to Anderley, and bring the police officers back with them.

Then, when all directions were given, he went back to Earle. He was no coward, but he could not yet face the wife whose only child lay dead, Earle was waiting for him.

Terrible as the moment was, he could not help noticing the awful change that had come over that young face; the youth and the brightness had all died from it; it was haggard and restless; he looked up as the earl entered the room.

"Lord Linleigh," he said, and every trace of music had died from his voice, "it was no fancy of mine last night—that sound I heard last night was from Doris: it was her smothered cry for help, perhaps her last sound. Oh, Heaven! if I had but flown when I heard it—flown to her aid! Yet I did go. I went to the very door of her room, and all was perfectly silent. Let me go to her—do not be hard upon me—I must look upon the face of my love again."

"So you shall, but not yet."

"I would to Heaven that I had never seen the terrible sight," he said; "but you, Earle, believe me, you could not see it and live."

Two hours had passed; it was the full-glowing moon now of the summer day. The sun shone so brightly and warmly it was difficult to bear its rays; the air was faint with the rich odor of the countless flowers; it was musical with the song of a thousand birds; the bright winged butterfly hovered round the roses. Then the sweet summer silence was broken by the gallop of horses and the tramp of men.

Captain Ayrley had arrived with two clever officers; the whole town of Anderley was astir; in the silence of the soft summer night, red-handed murder had been among them, and had robbed them of the fairest girl the sun had ever shone on.

Foul, sneaking, red-handed murder! The whole town was roused; some went to the church, where the rector awaited the bride, and told him the beautiful girl who was to have been married that day had been found dead, with a knife in her heart.

Up the broad staircase leading to the grand corridor they went slowly, that little procession of strong men. Captain Ayrley would not use the spiral staircase; he wished to see the place just as it was.

"If the outer door is locked," he said, "we will soon force it."

The next sound heard in that lordly mansion was the violent breaking open of a door; then, the earl being with them, they entered, accompanied by the doctor.

He could do nothing but declare how many hours she had been dead.

"Since two in the morning," he believed, and the earl shuddered as he listened.

That was the time when Earle had heard the stifled cry.

Captain Ayrley was shrewd and keen, a man of great penetration; nothing ever escaped him. He asked each person to stand quite still while he looked round the room.

"There has been no violent entrance," he said; "the murderer must have come up the spiral staircase gently enough, there is not a leaf of the foliage destroyed! he evidently entered no other room but this. Strange—if he came for the purpose of robbery; for there, in the sleeping chamber, I see costly jewels that would have repaid any mere burglary."

He looked round again.

"There are no less than three bells," he said. "Where do they sound?"

"One went to the maid's room, another to the servants' hall, the third to the housekeeper's room."

"It was a strange thing," said Captain Ayrley, "that the young lady, having these bells at hand, did not sound an alarm; she had plenty of time."

"How do you know," asked the earl, "that she had plenty of time?"

The officer pointed to the bridal costume, all lying in shreds upon the floor.

"It must have taken some time to destroy those," he said, "they could not have been so completely destroyed in one single instance. Look again; you will find that they have been torn with clean hands—there is not a mark upon them. That was done before the murder; the proof is that the lady has fallen, as you perceive; on the debris."

"You are right," said Lord Linleigh.

"Then with the same skill and care, he examined every other detail. The earl told him about the knife.

"It is, you perceive," he said, "a pruning knife. It was fetched from one of the hot-houses yesterday, to cut some branches Lady Studleigh said darkened her room. I saw it yesterday afternoon lying on that table, when I had come to speak to my daughter. Would to Heaven I had taken it away with me.

Captain Ayrley looked very thoughtful.

"If that be the case, then it is quite evident the person did not come prepared to do murder! it must have been an afterthought.

"Perhaps my daughter made some resistance, tried to call for help, or something of that kind," said the earl.

Still the captain looked puzzled.

"Why not have called for help while these things were being destroyed?" he said. "I am sure there is a mystery in it, something that does not quite meet the eye at the first glance. Will you call Lady Studleigh's maid? Throw—throw a sheet over there first; that is not a fitting sight for any woman's eye."

Then came Eugenie, with many tears and wailing cries. She had nothing to tell, except that last evening her lady had for the first time spoken to her of her marriage, and had shown her the wedding costume.

"I took up the dress and looked at it," she said, "then I laid it over that chair. My lady wanted to see how large the veil was. I opened it, and we placed it on this chair; the wreath lay in a small scented box on the table. I remember seeing the knife there; it was left yesterday after the branches were cut. My lady told me to take it back, but I forgot it."

She knew no more, only that she had tried her hardest to open the door that morning, and had not succeeded. She was evidently ignorant and unconscious enough.

"Had your lady an enemy?" asked the earl.

"No," replied the maid; "I believe every one who saw her worshiped her."

"Was there any tramp or poacher to whom she had refused alms, or anything of that kind?" asked the captain.

"I should say not; my lady always had an open hand."

"She expressed no fear last evening, but seemed just as usual?" asked the earl.

"She was happier than usual, if anything, my lord," was the reply.

Then the medical details were taken down, and the body of the dead girl was raised from the ground. The doctor and the maid washed the stains from the golden hair.

The housekeeper was summoned, and the two women, with bitter tears, laid the fair limbs to rest. She was so lovely, even in death! The cruel wound could not be seen.

They would have arrayed her in her wedding dress had it not been destroyed. They found a robe of plain white muslin, and put it on her; they brushed out the shining ripples of golden hair, and let it lie like a long veil around her; they crossed the perfect arms, and laid them over the quiet breast.

Though she had died so terrible a death, there was no trace of pain on the beautiful face; it was calm and smiling, as though the last whisper from her lips had been anything rather than the terrible words:

"Oh, God! I am not fit to die!" anything rather than that.

Eugenie went down into the garden and gathered fair white roses; she crowned the golden head with them; she laid them on the white breast, and over the silent figure, perfect in its pale loveliness as sculptured marble; so beautiful, so calm. Oh, cruel death to have claimed her! Then the maid wept bitter tears over her; she could not tear herself from the room where the beautiful figure lay. Silently the earl entered, and bowed his head over the cold face; hot tears fell from his eyes upon the lifeless form.

"I will avenge you, my darling!" he said. "I will hunt your murderer down."

He went back to the room where Captain Ayrley awaited him, with a strange expression on his face.

"I do not like to own myself defeated, Lord Linleigh," he said; "but I must own I am baffled here. I can see no motive for this most cruel murder."

"Robbery," said the Earl, shortly.

"No; I can not think so. The maid, who evidently understands her business, tells me that there is not so much as a ring, or an inch of lace missing; whatever the motive may have been, it was certainly not robbery; if so, when the victim lay helpless and dead, why not have carried off the plunder? There is jewelry enough here to have made a man's fortune; if anyone risked murder for it, why not have taken it away?"

"Perhaps there was some noise, some interruption; the man grew frightened and ran away."

"I see no sign of it; there is nothing disturbed. Besides, my lord, there is another thing that puzzles me more than all. Why should a man, whose object was simple plunder, employ himself in tearing a wedding dress and bridal veil to pieces; why should he have delayed in order to crush her wedding wreath in his hand, and trample it underneath his feet, especially, when as circumstantial evidence goes to prove, his victim must have been in his presence—must, if she had any fear, have had plenty of time to have rung for help?

"I do not understand it."

"It certainly seems very mysterious," said Lord Linleigh. "I do not at all understand the destruction of the wedding costume."

"Do not think me impertinent, my lord, if I ask whether there was any rival in the case? This is not a common murder—I would stake the whole of my professional skill on it. It is far more like a crime committed under the maddening influence of jealousy than anything else."

"I do not see that it is possible. My daughter, as was only natural for a beautiful girl in her position, had many admirers; but there was no one who would be likely to be jealous.

"Another thing is, by her own especial wish and desire, the fact of her marriage was to be kept a profound secret; no one knew one single word about it except ourselves."

"And that was by her own especial desire?" said Captain Ayrley.

"Yes, it was her whim—her caprice."

"She may have had a reason for it," said the captain, gravely. "I should imagine she had."

"And what would you imagine that reason to be?" asked the earl.

"I should say, that for some reason or other, she was afraid of its being known. There are many things hidden in lives that seem calm and tranquil; it seems to me that the unfortunate young lady was afraid of some one, and perhaps had reason for it."

The earl sat in silence for some minutes, trying to think over all his daughter's past life; he could not remember anything that seemed to give the least color to the officer's suspicion. He raised his eyes gravely to the shrewd, keen face.

"You may be right, Captain," he said; "it is within the bounds of possibility. But, frankly, on the honor of a gentleman, I know nothing in my daughter's life that bears out your suspicion; therefore, I wish you not to mention them to anyone else; they can only give pain. For my part, notwithstanding the destruction of the wedding dress, I firmly believe that it is a case of intended burglary, and that, either while trying to defend herself or to give the alarm, she was cruelly murdered. I believe that, and nothing more. At the same time, if you like to follow out any clue, I will do all in my power to help you. For the present we will not add to horror and grief by assuming that such a crime can be the result of jealous or misspent love. Try by all means to catch the murderer—never mind who or what he is."

Captain Ayrley promised to obey. Yet, though they searched and searched well, there was not the least trace, no mark or footsteps, no broken boughs, no stains of red finger marks, nor could they find any trace, in the neighborhood, of tramps, vagrants, or burglars.

It seemed to Captain Ayrley that the Linleigh Court murder would be handed down as a mystery to all time.

Lord Linleigh did not enter the room, where lay the beautiful, silent dead, with Earle; he dreaded the sight of his grief, he could not bear the thought of his sorrow.

Earle went in alone, closing the door behind him, that none might hear or see when he bade his love farewell.

Those who watched in the outer room heard a sound of weeping and wild words; they heard sobs so deep and bitter, that it was heart-rending to remember that it was a strong man weeping there in his agony. They did not disturb him, perhaps Heaven in its mercy sent him some comfort—none came from earth; nothing came to soften the madness of anguish when he remembered this was to have been his wedding-day, and now his beautiful golden-haired darling lay dead, cold, silent, smiling—dead. What could lessen such anguish as his?

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THEY wondered why Lord Linleigh allowed no one to take the fatal news to his wife but himself. The secret of her early ill starred love and marriage had been so well kept all these years, it was useless to betray it now.

He knew well what her anguish would be. He dreaded all scenes of sorrow, but he loved his wife, and no one must be with her in the first hour of her supreme trouble and bereavement.

He went to her room when the detectives left, and found Mattie still keeping watch over her. Before speaking one word to his wife, he turned to Mattie.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, gently, "you have carried out my wishes most faithfully. Will you go to Earle? Eugenie will take you to where he is."

Then, when she had quitted the room, Lady Estelle flung herself into his arms.

"Ulric," she cried, "tell me what is the matter? I know that something terrible has happened to Doris—what is it?"

"My darling wife," he said, "try to bear it. I have sad news for you—the saddest that I could bring you. Doris is dead!"

But even he, knowing how dearly the mother loved his child, was hardly prepared for the storm of anguish that broke over her.

"Dead!" she cried, "and never knew me as her mother! Dead! and never clasped her sweet arms round my neck! Dead! without one word! I cannot believe it, Ulric. How did it happen? Oh, my darling, my golden haired child, come back to me, only just to call me mother? How did it happen, Ulric? Oh, I can not believe it!"

He was obliged to tell her the pitiful story. Not one word did he say of the wedding costume destroyed, or the Captain's suspicion—not one syllable, yet, strange to say, the same idea occurred to her. He said, in a grave voice, quite unlike his own:—

"It must have been some beggar or tramp, who knew the secret of that spiral staircase, and had resolved upon breaking into the house by that means—someone who had learned, in all probability, that our daughter's jewels were kept in her chamber. Perhaps she carelessly left the outer door unlocked, and while she was sitting dreaming, the burglar entered noiselessly; then, when she rose in her fright to give the alarm, he stabbed her."

She did not think of asking if the jewels were stolen or not; but, strange to say, she started up with a sudden cry:—

"Oh, Ulric, Ulric! was it all right with her, do you think? I have always been afraid—just a little afraid—since I heard how she begged for secrecy over her wedding. Do you think she was frightened

at anyone? Perhaps someone also loved her, and was madly jealous of her."

He did not let her see how her words startled him—so like those used by Captain Ayrley. He tried to quiet her.

"No, my darling Estelle. Doris had many lovers—we knew them—men of high repute and fair renown; but there is not one among them who would have slain her because she loved Earle. Remember yet one thing more—no one knew she was going to marry Earle; it had not even been whispered outside of our own house. It was a robbery, and nothing else, carefully planned by some one who knew the only weak spot in the house. I have no doubt of it."

Then she broke down again, and cried out with wild words and burning tears for her child—her only child, who had never known her as her mother.

They wondered again why the earl, with his own hand, led Lady Linleigh to the silent death chamber. He did not wish any one to be near, to see or to hear her.

He lived long after, but never forgot that terrible scene; he never forgot how the mother flung herself by the side of that silent figure—how caressingly her hands lingered on the golden hair, on the sweet, dead face; he never forgot the passionate torrent of words—words that would have betrayed her secret over and over again a thousand times had any one been present to hear them. She laid her face on the pale lips.

"My darling," she cried, "come back to me, only for one hour, come back, while I tell you that I was your mother, darling—your own mother. My arms cradled you, my lips kissed you, my heart yearned over you. I am your own mother, darling. Come back and speak one word to me—only one word. Oh, Ulric, is it death? See, how beautiful she is! Her hair is like shining gold, and she is smiling! Oh, Heaven, she is smiling! She is not dead!"

But he drew her back, telling her it was only a sunbeam shining on the dead face, that she was dead, and would never smile again.

"Only touch one hand," he said, "there is nothing so cold as death."

She could only cry out "her darling! her darling!" Oh, for the days that were gone—spent without her! How dearly she would love her if she would come back again!

Lord Linleigh was always thankful that he had brought her there alone, and though he knew such indulgence in violent sorrow to be bad for her, he would not ask her to go away until it was almost exhausted; then he knelt down by her side.

"Estelle," he said, "you remember that it was for your father's sake we resolved to keep this secret—nay, we promised to do so. You must not break this promise now. You kept it while our darling lived; keep it still. Control your sorrow for your father's sake. Kiss the quiet lips, love, and tell our darling that you will keep our secret for all time."

She had exhausted herself by passionate weeping and passionate cries, she obeyed him, humbly and simply, as though she had been a child. She laid her quivering lips on the cold, white ones, and said:

"I shall keep our secret, Doris."

Then he led her away.

The same day Lord Linleigh sent telegrams to the Duke and Duchess of Downsbury and to Brackenside.

Before noon of the next day the duke and duchess had reached Linleigh Court. The duke took an active part in all the preparations for the ceremony of interment.

The duchess shut herself up in her daughter's room, and would not leave her. Later on in the day Mark and Mrs. Brace came; their grief was intense.

Lord Linleigh little knew how near he was then to the solving of the mystery; but the same carefully prepared story was told to them as was told to everybody else—a burglar had broken into her room, and, in the effort to give an alarm, Lady Doris Studleigh had been cruelly murdered. Nothing was said of the crushed bridal wreath, or the torn wedding dress.

Honest Mark never heard that there was any other mystery connected with the murder than the wonder who had done it. Perhaps had he told the story of Lord Vivianne's visit at Brackenside, it would have furnished some clue: but the earl was deeply engrossed and troubled.

Mark never even remembered the incident. Had he heard anything of the captain's suspicions, he might have done so. It did not seem to him improbable that the young girl had been slain in the effort to save her jewelry, and jewel robberies he read, were common enough.

Though the summer's sun shone and the flowers bloomed, the darkest gloom hung over Linleigh Court. Who could have believed that so lately it had been gay with preparations for a wedding? Lady Doris lay white, still, and beautiful in her silent room.

Earle had shut himself up in the solitude of his chamber, and refused to come out into the light of day. Lady Estelle was really ill, and the duchess never left her.

The one source of all help and comfort, the universal consoler, was Mattie; in after time they wondered what they should have done without her.

The duke and Lord Linleigh were incessantly engaged.

For many long years nothing had made so great a sensation as this murder—all England rang with it. So young, so beautiful, so highly accomplished, heiress to great wealth, and on the point of marriage with the man she loved best in all the world.

It was surely the most sad and pathetic affair within the memory of man. There was a suspicion of romance in it, too—murdered on the eve of her marriage.

Some of the best detective skill in England was employed to trace out the murderer, but it was all in vain.

The duke offered an unprecedented reward, the earl another, the government another; but it was all in vain; there did not seem to be the slightest clew—no handkerchief with the murderer's name, no weapon bearing his initials, no trace of any kind could be discovered of one of the most horrible crimes in the whole annals of the country.

There had been an inquest. The maid Eugenie, Mattie Brace, Earle, and Lord Linleigh, all gave their evidence, but when it was sifted and arranged, there was absolutely nothing in it; so that the verdict given was, "Found murdered, by some person or persons unknown."

Nothing remained then but to bury her. The brief life was all ended; there was no more joy, no more sorrow for her—it was all over; neither her youth or beauty, nor her wealth could save her. Her sin had found her out, and the price of her sin was death. There could have been no keener, swifter punishment than hers, and sin always brings it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Plain One.

BY D. L.

THE fourth Miss Winterborne was the despair of the family. She clearly ought to have been a beauty, but was not one, and never would be. More than that, she was positively plain, not to say ugly.

It was perplexing as well as disappointing to her mother. Her three elder sisters were all beauties, her mother had been one, likewise her grandmother; away back in the dim distance there had been an ancestress who was a celebrated toast, another for the sake of whose beaux yeux no fewer than three duels had been fought, and yet another who had been publicly complimented on her loveliness by a crowned head.

It was the rule in the Winterborne family to be good looking; and, as it was expected that the fourth infant of the present generation would uphold the family traditions, she was in a spirit of prophecy christened "Belle."

Her mother, who was early left a widow without a great deal to live on, was troubled considerably over Belle, and fidgeted about the child's elbows and ankles and general gawkiness during the awkward age.

The three other girls had never had any awkward age or elbows worth noticing; they simply passed from one stage of prettiness to another, came out in due season; and rapidly disposed of themselves in a way that was most creditable and satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Other matrons with many daughters on hand regarded Mrs. Winterborne with admiring envy.

Mrs. Winterborne's joy at the success of her elder daughters was however chastened by the remembrance of Belle. How was she to marry the girl, with such a nose, such freckles, such an obstinate and refractory figure? Nevertheless she did her best, and made Belle's life a burden to her in consequence.

Nothing but Belle Winterborne's sweet temper and capability for seeing the amusing side of life would have carried her through with it; but at last, after the prolonged agony of her fourth season, the youngest Miss Winterborne turned round upon her mother and refused to be "hawked about" any longer.

Mrs. Winterborne wept and called her daughter ungrateful and unmindful of her best interests; but Belle declined to yield. She would have no more "season" no more decking out of the ugly duckling with intent to deceive somebody into taking her for a swan.

"You have married three of your daughters well, mother," said Miss Belle. "Why can't I be an old maid? No one can possibly reproach you."

"Mona and Beatrice and Joan were no trouble at all; but it would be such a triumph to get you settled," said Mrs. Winterborne, with a sigh, "because there is no denying the fact, Belle, that you are not good-looking."

"No, indeed," replied Belle contentedly. She had known it for years.

Mrs. Winterborne gave in with tolerable grace. She did not altogether relinquish the idea of "settling" her youngest daughter; but it occurred to her sagacious mind that perhaps for girls with noses like Belle's the country was a proper sphere of action.

Once in a century or so a not absolutely ineligible curate might be met with there—a curate who by judicious "pushing" might blossom by degrees into a bishop. A rector who was a widower and of good family was also a "not impossible he."

Mrs. Winterborne was wise to keep these ideas of hers to herself; and this prudent policy on her part caused her daughter to go on her way rejoicing, and to style herself laughingly the old maid of the family.

Belle speedily became a great favorite in the country parish. The gifts bestowed by Nature upon Belle in compensation for her non-Grecian profile and freckle skin were now allowed full play.

Hitherto she had been hedged about with a grievous list of society rules, and overshadowed by the aristocratic elegance of her sisters, who spoke of her as "poor dear Belle," and deplored the healthy size of her waist.

Belle was thoroughly content now that her mother let her alone and did not call upon her for impossible virtues of deportment and so forth.

Mrs. Winterborne was very much taken up with her own affairs about this time. She would never have reconciled herself so easily to a country life had it not been for the attentions of Sir Gervase Houghton, widely known in the district as the Colonel.

He was middle-aged, wealthy, a widower of several years' standing, and possessed, in addition to a large town house, a fine country-seat in the parish adjoining that in which Mrs. Winterborne resided. They had become acquainted in the course of Belle's final season, the Colonel having recently arrived from India.

The Colonel was a very frequent visitor, quite un ami de la maison, as Mrs. Winterborne was wont to remark. The house was always gay with flowers from his conservatories, and many other more substantial tokens of his regard found their way to Ellerslie.

He was chivalrously attentive to the widow and fatherly towards Belle, who liked him for the simple straightforwardness of his ways and the unmistakable kindness of his heart.

Mrs. Winterborne began to devote a great deal of time and attention to his toilettes, and also to the erection of a large and exquisitely furnished "castle in Spain."

Part of her scheme of life had been to live with Belle and her husband—the other girls were not blessed with very sweet tempers—but now it really looked as if Fate were about to arrange matters in a different and even more satisfactory manner.

Belle could not live with her mother and her mother's husband, instead of her mother living with her and her husband. The Colonel would not object; that was certain from the fatherly interest he already took in her.

Mrs. Winterborne felt so much at peace with all men that she subscribed to the local charities with a fine thrill of benevolence, and let Belle give away as much beef tea and similar good things as she wanted.

She already saw herself installed as Lady Houghton, receiving the county and dispensing hospitality and charity on all sides.

She felt that she would be a power in the land; and, seeing so plainly the need that Houghton Hall had for a mistress, she could not understand why the Colonel did not propose.

It was just like a man—foolish creatures that they were!—to go jogging along easily day after day, taking things as they were, and unmindful of his best interests.

Mrs. Winterborne however was too wise a woman to risk her chances by showing her hand too openly.

Her role was to treat the Colonel as an old friend of the family, whose welcome was assured, and who was permitted to drop in at all hours of the day and to take the ladies "just as they were."

So, for her part, was careful to be always ready to be taken just as she was; and, as for Belle, it did not matter about her.

The Colonel availed himself pretty fully of this permission; he dropped in casually in the morning, in the afternoon, sometimes in the evening. And the result of it all was that he proposed to Belle.

When the Colonel asked Mrs. Winterborne's permission to pay his addresses to her daughter, Mrs. Winterborne, who was expecting a very different sort of declaration, had enough to do to conceal her emotion.

As well as being bitterly disappointed, she was also astonished beyond measure. Mona, Beatrice, and Joan, with all their good looks, had drawn no such prize in the matrimonial lottery as had apparently plain-faced Belle, the ugly one of the family.

It was such a surprise to her that the mother listened half as if in a dream to the Colonel's explanation of how he had, when a very young man, married a fashionable beauty, who made his life a misery to him, and how, after her death, he resolved that, if he ever took another wife, looks should have nothing to do with his choice.

Belle's sweet disposition, merry ways, and honest kindly heart had won his affection; and, if she could overlook the fact that he was twenty years older than she was, he would endeavor to make her as happy as she deserved to be. Such was the gist of the Colonel's formal proposal.

When he had departed, Mrs. Winterborne betook herself to her bedroom with a bad headache, locked the door, and refused to see any one.

The next day she came down in a previous season's dress and with her hair done in the old way.

She behaved very pluckily however. She told the astonished Belle that she was a lucky girl, for the Colonel loved her and wanted to marry her, and, if she refused him, she would be a goose, for he had a fine character and a fine estate, and no woman in her senses could want a better husband.

Then she advised Belle to go and put on a more becoming dress; but, seeing the Colonel striding up to the door, looking very manly and determined, she bade her stay where she was.

Then she kissed the girl heroically and left the two together, while she went away to demolish the fragments of the "castle in Spain." It was bitter work, but necessary.

Whatever the Colonel said to Belle and Belle said to the Colonel, the result was that they were married; and the Colonel, who had his own ideas on the subject of mothers-in-law, did not invite Mrs. Winterborne to take up her abode with them.

Belle wisely said little, but she was not sorry for her husband's decision.

She and the Colonel live cheerily happy together; there is nothing to mar their perfect felicity.

A DOUBTFUL POSITION.—A correspondent writes:—"I got acquainted with a young widow, who lived with her stepdaughter in the same house.

"I married the widow, and my father fell, shortly after it, in love with the stepdaughter of my wife, and married her. My wife became the mother-in-law and also the daughter-in-law of my own father, my wife's step-daugher is my step mother, and I am the step father of my mother-in-law.

"My step mother who is the step-daughter of my wife, has a boy; he is naturally my step brother, because he is the son of my father and of my step-mother; but, because he is the son of my wife's stepdaughter, so is my wife the grandmother of the little boy, and I am the grandfather of my step-brother.

My wife has also a boy; my step mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, and is also his grandmother, because he is the child of her step-son; and my father is the brother-in law of my son, because he has got his step sister for a wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is the son of my step-mother; I am the brother in law of my mother, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grandson of my father, and I am my own grandfather."

EVENING MYSTERY

BY C. E. B.

A lonely landscape; far in distant skies
A stormy sunset paints its sullen hues;
And low the shadow-haunted valley lies
Bathed in the sweat of dews.

Gaunt trees with strange weird outlines blur the sky;
No sign of life is visible anywhere
Save a disbanded flock of sheep who lie
In fitful slumber there.

A chill white vapor rises from the ground,
And steals like some grim host of sheeted dead
Along the awe-struck vale; there is no sound
To break the silence dread.

Behind low clouds, in dim ethereal space
The scared young moon withdraws in pale affright;
What is the mystery she dare not face
That holds in spell the night?

Beauty or Oath.

BY L. G. P.

THE "White Caps" were an evil in the land. There was no question about it. Like many another evil system, the movement had a perfectly righteous and legitimate origin—as did the lynch-law and vigilance committees of infant civilization — civilization in its nursery days, yet still civilization.

In the particular State of the free American Republic which groaned beneath the "White Cap" yoke it was shrewdly suspected—nay, was almost an open secret—who was the leader of the "White Cap" band.

Derrick Clinton was his name, and he was universally respected and not a little feared even by his somewhat lawless neighbors. He was a leading citizen, sober, industrious, and—his crowning virtue—very rich.

He was of Southern origin, but he had the grimness, the harshness, and the stern virtues of the Puritan, blended with the high-handed pride of the South. He was a tall, dark, handsome man, with a fine head, broad shoulders, and, at times, a most forbidding expression.

He had come to the State a penniless lad, with nothing but his old Southern blood, a useless education, and an excellent constitution; by dint of honesty, sobriety, and sheer indomitable "push," rather than by "smartness," he had prospered and had become powerful. He was incorruptibly honest and truthful—his word was his bond.

Five years before the "White Caps" began to desolate the land Derrick Clinton fell in love with a pretty little, shy, soft voiced, dove eyed girl, whom he not only passionately loved, but in whom he entirely believed; and he was truly loyal to her.

One night she kissed him, protesting that she had never loved nor could ever love as she loved him. Soon after this she eloped with Derrick's only intimate friend and partner, Dick Kent. She died a year later from consumption. Kent, who was an Englishman, returned to Europe and married again.

From that hour, when he knew both his sweetheart and his friend to be false, Derrick lost all belief in human virtue and honor. Hitherto he had been stern and uncompromising, now he was merciless. Woe betide the sinner—especially the feminine sinner—whose sentence was left to be carried out by Derrick Clinton!

Wearing white head-gear, from which depended strips of calico pierced only by eye-holes, silent, shrouded, armed, carrying rope and hickory rod, the "White Caps" scoured the country by night, meting out "justice" to evil-doers."

When they hanged Pete Casson, who had murdered a girl who refused to marry him, and who had boasted that he could buy an acquittal, there was general approbation.

When they warned Sim Merton that he would be flogged if he continued to beat his wife, and when he, after three months of exemplary behavior, forgot the warning, and the threat was carried into execution the very next night, and the man left for dead, the State said that Derrick Clinton and his masked band were the representatives of law and order, and metaphorically patted them upon the back; but, when a masked company of "White Caps" went to a house in which certain unhallowed orgies were said to be held, dragged shrieking Kate Wilson from her bed and meted out to her the same punishment as had been bestowed upon Merton, the wife-beater, people began to look grave.

True—Kate was not a good woman, not one to be respected; but she was a woman. American chivalry revolted against such drastic measures.

The brutal deed had not been the work of Clinton—it had been a matter of private hatred—but it was laid at his door, and some of his band compelled the wretched Kate to leave the town when she struggled back to something faintly resembling life.

Clinton hated most men and all women, but he chiefly loathed Cherry Cornwallis. There was nothing to be said against Cherry, who was the daughter of the proprietor of the Wintergreen Saloon. She was a beautiful girl, very bright, very merry, rather vain; she dressed smartly, and was saucy-tongued. Frivolity, vanity, and a quick, though by no means, implacable temper were the worst faults urged against her. She was the belle of the whole state, and had suitors innumerable.

Cherry was very "high-toned." She had been educated at a boarding-school in a distant city; she spoke French, she sang very sweetly, and played the piano with an excruciatingly-inartistic but brilliantly rapid and noisy "execution." She was tall, shapely, stoutly built, and exquisitely fair. She had lovely reddish-golden hair, pretty features, great innocent china-blue eyes, a laughter-loving, red-lipped mouth, and dimples.

But her chief beauty was her complexion; her skin was exquisite—soft, white, with the beautiful downy bloom of a peach; her cheeks were of a delicate shell-pink, deepening into carnation under the influence of emotion or exercise. She was exceedingly proud of her beauty, especially of her coloring.

Cherry, being a privileged belle, had the courage of her opinions. She was beyond and above any lawless collection of "White Caps." They were all a disgraceful set of ruffians, she said.

If there was any man present who belonged to the band, she made him the present of her opinion; he could, if he liked, bring his gang of desperadoes down on her and serve her like that poor unhappy woman Wilson. Only a savage would belong to such a set!

Cherry was dressed in a lovely frock of pale-green silk; she had a big cluster of heavily-scented stephanotis in her golden hair, and another at her fair bosom; she held in her hands the beautiful white ostrich-feather fan that Jack Emberly sent her from Paris just before she refused him for the fifth time, and as she spoke she unfurled it with an audacious little click. It was at Judge Lester's silver-wedding party that she gave her opinion of the lawless "White Caps."

"Well, Cherry," said Mrs. Lester, "I guess you're right. This thing's gone far enough. They were right, I think, about Pete and Sim Merton. You see, Cherry, you've been to school back East, where things are more 'tony,' and where they've fixed them better than we've had time to; but the 'White Caps' do pull 'em up short, and they clear out the loafers and the 'roughs,' who see sharp enough that 'White Cap' neighbors ain't healthy for them. But, I say, though I wouldn't have Clin—I mean I wouldn't have any of the 'White Cap' boys take offence—that I do think that affair of Kate Wilson's the square thing. She was alone in the house save for another woman—and what's two women against a gang of——"

She stopped, for Clinton had entered the room.

"Against a band of cowardly masked highbinders? You're right, ma'am," finished Miss Cherry, with peculiar distinctness.

Derrick Clinton's sullen handsome eyes were turned upon the fair speaker. There was an awkward pause.

"Mr. Clinton," said Cherry, "don't you agree with me?"

"I haven't the privilege of knowing what you were saying, Miss Cornwallis"—with a sneer.

"I was saying that the doings of these 'White Caps' are a disgrace to the State!"

"The White Caps, being upholders of right against personal inclination, are of course opposed to the fair sex, and what is opposed to Miss Cherry Cornwallis must be wrong."

"In your opinion."

"In one you would consider to be far more valuable."

"Meaning?"—"Your own."

No one cared to oppose Clinton, but this open rudeness to the spoiled beauty provoked angry glances. Cherry laughed and Clinton scowled.

"Thanks!" said the girl. "Mr. Clinton, you're as good as a tonic. You're the powder after the jam, I guess!" She glanced coquettishly at the proprietor of the dry goods' store, who had been bestowing sundry sugary speeches upon her earlier in the evening. "Now do tell!" pursued Cherry. "Let's have your opinion of women, Mr. Clinton! Inclination—that means woman—versus—aren't I legal, Judge?—what's right—that's man! Let's have the case against women—I'm sure you'll put it well. Silence, please for Mr. Clinton!"

She had forgotten the story of Derrick Clinton's false love—the occurrence had taken place when she was a girl at school—consequently to the man, though bitterly smarting from his betrayed trust, her speech appeared to be mere insolent vulgarity.

"Take care, Cherry!" whispered Mrs. Lester.

"If I give my opinion," said Clinton, "it is in answer to your challenge, mind. I must be forgiven, ladies, if I am rude. Miss Cornwallis, I will not claim the dearest privilege of woman. Since I must be true to my convictions, I cannot claim her second privilege; and, despite the presence of my hostess and many other ladies I must not exercise her third if I accept your challenge."

"Accept it—do! We won't get mad! Her first, second, and third privileges—what are they?" Cherry asked.

"Besides the privilege she assumes of doing what is personally agreeable to her—right or wrong, cruel or kind, selfish or unselfish—she has three privileges which prevent her from ever meeting men on equal terms; these are claimed by her, and most men grant them to her."

"And they are?"

"Lying, disloyalty, and cowardice. Generally she avails herself of them!"

It was a pretty strong indictment. Cherry shut her fan and grasped it tightly.

"Assertion is not proof," she said.

"No—it is feminine argument. But I appeal to the experience of men to say whether I am not right; and I will ask you to try to be truthful with yourself. Am I not right?"

"No," the girl said hesitatingly—"no, Mr. Clinton, you are not right. I did not want to bring myself into the matter, because you'll say women always think of themselves; but, after all, I know myself, and I know you are not right!"

Clinton leaned forward and scanned her face.

"Talk of 'White Cap' cruelty," he said—"it's mild—it's nothing compared with the wanton cruelty of a woman bent upon her own way! You women have no consciences; you follow only inclination. You howl at the 'White Caps' more than the men do. You will say 'feminine sensitiveness'—I say 'humbug!' To a woman, bodily suffering is the acme of horror. Death, the 'White Caps' rope, or their hickory rods—that is the worst. Stop, though; there's one thing worse—an injury to her vanity!"

"Oh, abuse proves nothing!" Cherry cried, biting her lip.

"Candidly, Miss Cornwallis," Clinton inquired, "which would you choose—death or disfigurement?"

"Death. Stop! You laugh—that's vanity! Yes—I guess it is. But, see here, Mr. Clinton; I may be vain, but I don't say what's untrue. I didn't then, though the argument was against me; and, more than that, I'd face anything—death, disfigurement—what you will rather than go back on my word. I'd hold to what I said, whatever it cost me. I'm no better than most women—not so good as some; but, by what I'd do myself, I know what lots of others would do."

"Assertion—is—not——" Clinton quoted, and laughed outright. "Woman's powers of eloquence are notoriously unrivaled."

"You're very mean! You talk of women's selfishness; you must have seen some self-sacrificing women."

"Spaniels—here and there one. Cringing, not from principle or conviction, but from hysteria. Suffering, bolstering up some man in his evil-doing—loving him the better the greater the scoundrel he was, like Sim Merton's wife. Such a woman might be worked up not to go back on her word whatever it cost her—not from love of right; not from hatred of dishonor, but from hysterical mania and infatuation."

Clinton, despite his sternness and unusually plain speech, was by no means rough in manner; he was a man of good education, his tastes were cultivated, and, though he had from necessity spent his life in an uncultured community and in the pursuit of business, his reading was, at any rate, more extensive than that of his neighbors.

Being by birth a gentleman, and having the intense pride of race of the South, his suspended leadership of the "White Caps" was the more inexplicable, unless it sprang from love of supremacy and contempt for the society around him.

"I'm sure," said Cherry, "that women are every bit as loyal as men."

"That's not saying much for them."

"Do you judge others by yourself?"

"I, Miss Cornwallis, am not prepared to parade the heroism of which I am capable."

Cherry's eyes filled with tears.

"I was only standing up for my sex," she said, "and you know it. I believe there are women who would be loyal for loyalty's sake, not because of any love for the person to whom they were loyal. I'm sure of it."

She stopped. The tears fell—they were the tears of anger. Clinton sneered.

"Miss Cornwallis," he said, "you use only the feminine argument by which a man must be convinced unless he is a brute—tears."

"Did Kate Wilson cry the other night?" Cherry asked defiantly.

It was a public accusation. Clinton stared at her coldly.

"I really cannot tell you, Miss Cornwallis; I was not present."

"I thought you gave us to understand that women had a monopoly of untruthfulness."

"My, my, my!" cried Mrs. Lester hastily. "Stop right there, you two! I won't have it! Cherry, you're a real naughty girl!"

"Whatever made you go at Derrick Clinton in that way, child?" asked Mrs. Cornwallis, when they reached home.

"I hate the man!" said Cherry. "He is a brute! I don't think Mrs. Lester ought to ask the head of a gang of 'roughs' to her parties."

"Roughs!' Why, he's the richest man in town, and dead against them, child! He had a clean sweep made of 'em two years ago, before the 'White Caps' started; he was one of the Vigilants then.

"What do you call a man who sneaks round the country at night with a mask on and flogs a woman? I call him a 'tough' and a ruffian, even if he were as rich as Crœsus! I'd like to see him hunted out of the state!

"Well, I'd as lief you'd let him alone, Cherry; it's bad to quarrel with neighbors, and your papa is always having business deals with him. If you reckon he's all you say, were't you a bit looney to tell him he was a liar? He might bring his gang down on us."

"I'm not going to be bullied into holding my tongue!" Cherry said, with a toss of the head. "Rich or poor, he'd be lynched if he laid a hand on me; and there's not one of all the boys in the State but would help!"

"That's so; but it wouldn't make it pleasanter for you, Cherry."

"No; but he'll be careful. He got the truth from me."

"I think you needn't have asked him his opinion of women. You remember about Mamie, who married Dick Kent?"

"No," she said slowly. "I didn't remember; I believe I wouldn't have said what I did if I had. But it served him right, and I dare say he'd have been cruel to her!"

There were three "White Cap" outrages during the following month, for none of which Clinton was responsible. He was obliged to own in his own heart that the matter was serious, and that he was not to blame.

It was so easy for the very lawless class, who had cause to dread the "White Caps," to mask themselves and wreak any hideous vengeance in the name of outraged respectability upon blameless citizens. Clinton however was obstinate, and he remained the head of the original band.

Cherry Cornwallis was a fearless rider, and ranged the country for miles alone. One day it happened that, leaving the track, she lost herself in the pine-woods and wandered therein for quite two hours.

It began to grow dark, and, though Cherry was not nervous, she became a little alarmed. At last she beheld with joy the twinkling of a light, and soon afterwards discovered a rough shanty among the trees. She approached, dismounted, tethered her horse, and knocked.

A coarse slovenly woman answered the door. Cherry explained matters. The woman seemed startled; but, after scanning the girl keenly, she said hospitably—

"Walk right in; y' ain't so fur from

the trail. Won't ye rest till the moon rises, an' ye kin see yer way? Ye'll be thar in an hour."

"I guess I will," answered Cherry, entering.

Cherry sat down sociably, and the woman gave her a plate of "mush."

The moon began to silver the tree-tops; Cherry rose. At that moment the door was dashed open, and a man, wild-eyed and white with terror, rushed in and sank panting upon a chair.

"Mummy!" cried the woman. "What's wrong, Jim?"

"The 'White Caps'—Clinton's gang!" he gasped.

"Out after ye? What'll we do?"

"Nuthin'."

"Whar did ye see 'em?"

"Down ter the Narrers. They hunted me like injuns, and they'd hev had me ef I hadn't known the woods."

"They'll find ye yer!"

"I reckon so. I kyarn't help it. I ain't got nary a'bit o' run left in me. Likely they want ye too."

"Likely! Lor' hev mercy on us!"

"What's your name?" Cherry asked, grasping the woman's arm.

"Ellen Brand."

Cherry knew then why they were wanted. Brand was one of the notorious black sheep who had been expelled by the Vigilants two years before, and of late report had said that he was hanging about the neighborhood.

When the Vigilants had ordered his departure they had warned him of his fate should he return. His wife had been expelled with him, though there was nothing against her.

Cherry owed Brand a grudge, for he was suspected to be the chief who, three weeks previously, had stolen her favorite mare; but anger died within her as she saw his terrified face and the helpless anguish of the ugly slatternly woman.

"Haven't you a horse?" she cried.

"We ain't got nary hoss; we sold—ours."

"Mine," thought Cherry. She faltered. Although the man was a criminal, yet to hang there in the moonlit woods, in the presence of his frantic wife! The thought was horrible.

"There's my horse!" she cried.

"Ye've got a horse yer? Ye'll let him hev it? Heaven bless ye!" The woman sank upon her knees at Cherry's feet and kissed her dress.

"Get up—quick! There's no time to lose!" Cherry cried.

Half dazed, the man staggered to his feet.

"Stay there!" said Cherry to the woman.

She seized the man's arm and dragged him after her; they untethered the horse and he sprang into the saddle.

"Ye've saved a life this night," he said. "Look yer—tell her I'm goin' to tek the track ter Big Tank Falls; she kin come thar."

He dashed off, leaving his wife and the girl who saved him to "White Cap" mercy.

Cherry went back to the house. The woman clung to her, sobbing hysterically.

"Do ye know whar he's gone?" the woman asked. "Yes—he's——"

"Stop right thar! Swar'—swar' ye'll not split on him! If they catch us, ye'll tell?"

"Of course I won't!"

"Thar ain't no 'of course'! Swar' ye'll not betray him?"

"I promise I won't."

"Swar'—hope ye'll die of ye do!" persisted the woman.

Cherry faltered, then she said firmly—

"I swear before Heaven I'll not betray him! He's gone to——"

The gleam of a lantern flashed through the window; the woman shrieked and dropped helplessly upon the floor. Cherry stepped into the shadow.

The door was flung open and four or five men could be seen by the light of the lantern. They presented an uncanny appearance.

One carried a lantern, another a coil of rope; all bore the long supple rods which gave them one of their nicknames, "Knights of the Hickory Wand;" all were armed; all wore long dark cloaks and white caps, from which depended white calico masks.

One—the tallest—entered and spoke in a feigned voice.

"We want Jim Brand!" he said. "His life's forfeited to the 'White Caps.' Give him up woman!"

"He ain't yer. Oh, fur Heaven's sake hev mercy! He ain't yer!"

"He's been here?"

"Y-e-s—but he's quit—some time."

"That's a lie; but we'll let it pass. He's on foot?" Silence. "Ellen Brand, we've no wish to be hard on you, but we 'White Caps' do justice without regard to sex. Answer. On foot?"

"No—a hoss-back."

"Been horse-stealing—has he? Which way?"

"I don't know—I don't know."

"That's false!"

He seized her arm and raised his wand, though he did not strike. The woman shrieked and grovelled. Cherry then walked leisurely into the red glow of light and spoke in a calm tone.

"She speaks the truth, Mr. Derrick Clinton," she said slowly. "She does not know where he has gone. I think the man is a horse-thief—I'm pretty sure he is—but I loaned him my horse this time. I helped him off, and she doesn't know which way he's gone. I was just going to tell her when you and your gang of women-beaters stopped me."

"Miss Cherry Cornwallis!" the leader exclaimed in surprise. "Then to you we must turn for information."

"You must, Mr. Clinton."

"White Caps are nameless," said the voice behind the mask.

Cherry laughed, and then said boldly—

"To help Jim Brand away I do not want to be screened behind half a yard of muslin. Do not you, the representative of right versus inclination, the champion of law and order, hide your light under a bushel? Don't be ashamed of the hickory wand, Mr. Clinton! Let's meet, as far as may be, on equal terms!"

She glided forward swiftly, and, with a quick snatch, pulled the calico mask from his face.

"Have the courage of your opinions!" she said. "I am a cowardly disloyal liar, Mr. Clinton, but I've the courage of mine!"

The mask fell to the shanty floor.

"You play poker—eh, Miss Cornwallis?" Clinton—for it was he—said, with a sneer. "Then you know what is meant by 'bluffing a hand?' It is a style of play that commends itself to women. But, as a friend, I must warn you that 'bluff' is a dangerous game to play with the 'White Caps.' You know which way this man has gone?"

"I do."

"Then I must ask—no, command—you to tell me."

"And I must decline."

"Take care!" I give you my word that the consequences to you may—will be very serious."

"The consequences are yours, Mr. Derrick Clinton, not mine."

There was a little pause.

"Miss Cherry Cornwallis, may I have a few minutes' talk with you—apart?"

"Yes." And she stepped out into the moonlight.

"I must have this information, Miss Cornwallis. There are half a dozen ways the man might go, and we are only five in number to-night."

"I cannot give it."

"Cherry Cornwallis, listen to me! Those men will obey me. I hate you—I hate all women, as you know, but you most! Here you are not the spoiled town belle, with your admirers bowing down before you and your overbearing coquettish insolence—understand that.

"You are a helpless young girl, absolutely in the power of half a dozen men, led by one who hates you, and whom you publicly called a liar not six weeks ago. I tell you those men will obey me, and you are utterly in my power. Stop a minute, please, and try to grasp that thoroughly!"

Her face was white, but she answered quietly—

"I have grasped it, thank you; but I cannot tell you."

"One moment. Do you remember Kate Wilson?"

"Yes."

"I could inflict the like punishment upon you."

"I know it. Listen now to me, Mr. Clinton! I am perhaps a liar, yet I confess that I am horribly afraid of you. To be afraid is to be a coward, is it not? Well, then, I am a coward: yet, for all that, I refuse decidedly and distinctly to tell you where that man has gone!"

Clinton impatiently switched the wand held.

"What is the man to you?" he cried angrily. "It is sheer obstinacy!"

"The man, save that he is a human being, is very little to me; but my oath is much."

"Your oath?"

"I swore Heaven that I would not betray him. I told you before that I would not go back on my word. You may murder me; but I'll depart to the next world unperjured, at all events."

"See here," Clinton said, almost savagely—"do you understand that I'm not playing with words—that what I say I mean—that what I mean to do I will do? Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And you will not break your oath?"

"I will not, Mr. Clinton, so help me Heaven!"

"Then," said Clinton, "man, woman, or child—you come under the last head, I guess—you're the bravest I've met yet!" He studied the beautiful face in the moonlight. "Kate Wilson did not suffer at the hands of my gang," he said; "I don't know who did that. But now listen. You told me that, placed between death and disfigurement, you'd choose death. Was that true?"

"Yes."

"Do you ever read the Chronicle?—"Not often."

"Did you see an account of a piece of work perpetrated by some members of the gentler sex?"

"No."

"These young ladies were jealous of one of the local belles. She was very beautiful, like yourself——"

"Please spare me your compliments!"

"I beg your pardon, I simply stated a fact. They invited her to a picnic, seized, gagged, and bound her, after which they tattooed her face like a Red Indian's. Tattooing is not only unpleasant, but it is indelible. Do you deduce any moral from that tale?" She did not speak. "Is not the obvious moral this—that it would be wise to break your oath?"

"I should scarcely call that a moral conclusion."

"You laugh. Do not laugh, for I am very serious. Your choice is not death or disfigurement; you are placed between your beauty and your oath. Choose! I'll give you five minutes to decide."

The girl knelt down and tried to pray, but she could not. She was nineteen, exquisitely pretty, and she had never had an hour's sadness. The destruction of her beauty meant to her the wreck of her life. Nevertheless she had sworn. She turned cold and faint.

"Miss Cornwallis, you have only two minutes."

"Oh, if you'd only kill me! Mr. Clinton, do be merciful! Kill me, shoot me—kill me any way you like! Have some pity!"

Derrick Clinton smiled.

"She's yielding," he thought; "she'll give in." Aloud he said, "I'm sorry. I've placed your choice before you."

"Oh, don't," the girl pleaded, shivering—"don't put this awful, awful choice before me! Anything but this!"

"Nothing but this. You've one minute more. Break your oath, child! You're a brave girl; I don't want to see you suffer. I forgive you for calling me a liar; you believed it. To break your oath in the circumstances is not much. The man deserves death, and you're but a young girl."

"Would you break your oath?"

"If I were you I should."

"Would you?"

"No—I am a man; you're a girl—hardly a woman yet."

She hid her face and sobbed.

"Come," said Clinton—"your answer!"

"I can't tell you—I can't! Oh, how can I bear it?"

"Your beauty or your broken oath—which will you give the 'White Caps'—an?"

"My—my beauty." She broke into an agony of tears, and swayed to and fro, moaning.

"You mean that definitely?"

"Yes, Oh, I hope I shall die soon!"

"Then," said Clinton, "it devolves upon me to——"

He put his arm around her. She leaned heavily against him. He drew her closely to him in the shadow of the pines. "To offer you the loan of my horse," he finished suavely, "since Mr. James Brand has yours. Can you keep your balance on my saddle, Miss Cornwallis, if I walk beside you and lead the horse?"

"Mr. Clinton, have you been joking?"

"Not exactly. I wanted to frighten you into giving me that clue, and I was angry with you; and I don't quite know what I meant to do when I began. For the last five minutes I've been hunting an old belief. Forgive me, for I was a senseless selfish brute. You are a heroine! Cherry, you have worked a miracle; you have raised a faith from the dead and given it back to the living. Be friends with me—forgive me! Let me take you home!"

Cherry began to cry quietly. Clinton put her gently on the slope of the bank, and then he crossed to the men. They dispersed after a few minutes' consultation. He held a brief colloquy with Mrs. Brand, then returned to Cherry, who was still sobbing.

"Don't cry! Will you forgive me, for I am very penitent?"

"I have forgiven you. But, oh, you were cruel!"

"I know—I am very much ashamed of myself; but it was not so much brutality as a great longing to be proved to be in the wrong."

"Are you sure you had nothing to do with the Kate Wilson affair?"

"On my honor, I had not!"

"Then I ought to apologize, because I said you were a liar."

"This is my third 'White Cap' raid—I had to do with the Casson and Merton affairs. Perhaps I was wrong; rough-and-ready justice is barbarous and easily abused—it has been already hereabouts."

"I think you were wrong."

"You shall teach me what is wrong and what is right—if you will."

"Take lessons from a person who acts only from inclination—from a person privileged to lie and to be disloyal and cowardly?"

"Come, you're better—you are getting saucy? Here's the horse. May I put you up?"

* * * * * *

Three months later, after the "White Cap" outrages, which Derrick Clinton was mainly instrumental in putting down, had ceased, Derrick was taking Cherry for a buggy ride; he was assiduous in his attentions, and Cherry displayed towards him a friendliness and withal a freedom from coquetry which she showed to no other admirer.

"My darling," he said, "you know all about me now—the bad and the good. What little good there is I mainly owe to you. Do you like me well enough to take the life you mended for your own? If you say 'No,' I shall just feel I deserve it! I shall say, "May Heaven bless you!' and I shall ask to remain your friend. Do you like me?"

"I'm really sorry, Derrick—I'm afraid I don't."

"Ah!"—with a sigh. "Well, all right Cherry! I won't bother you again. I sha'n't change; and if you ever should——"

"Don't you want to know why I don't like you?"

"The 'White Cap' business, I suppose; I was half crazy then."

"Wrong! W-e-ll, I guess it's because I—I love you!"

Scientific and Useful.

MOSQUITO BAR.—An electric mosquito bar has been invented by a Frenchman, and is said to electrocute insects that come in contact with it.

PAPER PULP.—There seems to be practically no end to the usefulness of paper pulp. It is now employed slightly mixed with glue, plaster of Paris, or Portland cement, as a stopping for cracks and breaks in wood; it forms a strong stopping which does not shrink in drying. It is most excellent, also, for wash bowls, where joined to the upper slab. The same mixture, when placed by means of a wrapping of cheese cloth, suffices to make good a frost break in an iron pipe. Paper pulp, boiled for several hours with fine sawdust, mixed with glue which has been dissolved in linseed oil, makes a perfect and homogeneous paste for all sorts of filling, that are likely to be subjected to exceptionally hard usage.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Working for next year is in order by keeping a sharp lookout for the weeds. It is the weed that goes to seed which does the damage.

DRINKING.—A filthy drinking fountain will breed disease sooner than anything else and easily becomes foul when a large number of fowls drink from it.

KEROSENE.—If a small amount of kerosene emulsion is wanted for use among the rose bushes or house plants it may be easily mixed by using a good egg-beater, instead of going to the expense of the force pump usually recommended for mixing the insect exterminator in large quantities.

SAVE MONEY AND HEALTH by buying Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, if you have a Cough, a Cold, or any Lung or Throat trouble. It is the oldest and surest remedy known. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sanative.

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On Drifting.

It is well to have an ambition in life, though it be nothing higher than that of becoming a perfect dancer or the possessor of a complete collection of postage stamps; for ambition is valuable not so much on account of its particular aim as its general utility. It is absolutely necessary for any man who wishes to live a full life that he should have an ambition.

It need not be more definite than that of the football-player, who does not declare that he will score the first, second, or third goal, but simply that he will lose no possible chance that comes his way, and will do his best, in combination with the other players, to score a victory for his side, even if the privilege of the winning kick is denied him.

It is a weakness of popular sentiment that views with indifference and palliation the careers of men who show a laxity in playing the early stages of the game of life. To follow up the football simile a little further, there are many who loaf about on the outskirts of the play, as near to the goal as they are allowed to be, listlessly waiting for the off chance of the ball being passed to them, so that they may reap the glory and distinction of a brilliant kick at the expense of the efforts of others.

To some men the chance presents itself, and they accept without demur the applause of the onlookers, who perhaps have not observed how little approval has been merited by honest play. And there are men too—so uncertain is the world's appraisement—who really build up a reputation by seizing the easy opportunities which the hard work of others throws in their way. It is seldom however that such a reputation is long-lived. Unmerited success is as treacherous as it is occasionally speedy, and the man who gathers fruit by standing on his neighbor's shoulders must be prepared for a fall.

Most pathetic of all is it when in early life a man of ability and promise begins to drift long before he has reached a position to which he is entitled. Such men must make up in day-dreams, which no station or rank can deny them, what they lack in reality. But what of the man who knows his value to be greater than his present rewards—or shall we say his capabilities to be beyond his present attaintments?—and yet who has so twisted off the rails that he feels himself incapable of pushing forward?

Success, it is said, breeds success; and certainly the want of it in some men at a critical moment breeds failure and apathy. There are thousands of men of good ability and great possibilities who drift through life lounging at the street-corners, so to speak, waiting for others to give them opportunities that they ought to make for themselves.

We are not speaking of those whose best endeavors are unrecognized, neglected genius whom the world cannot understand, but of those who, from sheer indolence or a want of proper direction to their energy, allow themselves to be carried along by the stream, neither knowing nor seemingly caring where they may be stranded.

No doubt they deserve our censure; but we may also spare them a little pity, since we hardly know the chain of circumstances that has damped down their energy and has made them derelicts on a sea on which they once had promise of fair sailing. Nor do we know how narrowly we too have missed sharing their fate, or what a trifling object may sometimes put sensitive human machinery out of gear.

They do not ask for pity, the drifters. They find a dreamy pleasure in the "sweet doing-nothing." They like to lie on their backs in the open boat, rising and falling with the waves, without troubling to take an oar, and only occasionally putting a hand to them. It is not until they find themselves stranded, or far out to sea compassless and out of sight of land, that they realize what their lack of energy has cost them.

Perhaps the drifting man started with as high ambitions as any one of us, and with as bright prospects. His energy carried him well along the course he had marked out, till suddenly he met with a check. For a time he did battle against obstacles, but, just as he had reached a point when he well might conquer, he lost heart or outworked his energy.

"What is the use of it all?" he asked, and resigned himself to fate, trusting that chance would throw in his way opportunities of reaching by easier methods the goal that could be attained only by unceasing energy. Gradually his ideal faded away, and he was content to let himself be carried here and there, just keeping his head above water, and looking about for some outside help that would carry him pleasantly and easily to a comfortable destination, little matter what.

Humanity more than the individual sufferers through these drifting lives. The spiritual side of the man falls so deeply asleep that it troubles him no longer except in fitful dreams, and the animal side becomes content to fail, if not happy. Ambitions that have any claim to rank in one's estimation may, we know, never be realized, but they are a constant spur and a splendid chastener.

For every abandoned ideal the world suffers immeasurably, since, just like derelicts in the ocean, drifting men and women become careless and cynical, and are more productive of wreckage in others than all the rocks and quicksands which are marked plainly on the charts. We hold that a man owes a duty to society, which altogether robs him of the right to dispose of his life as he pleases. His aims and ambitions and pursuits are all indirectly concerns of his neighbors, and his abandonment of his ideals is an ethical, if not a legal offence.

There is no more imperative rule of life than to have an ambition. Change it, if so be you change it for a higher, but do not lose it; for, as we said at the outset, it is better to be ambitious to become a perfect dancer than to have no ideal at all, because an ambition, though it be a poor one, is a spur to activity, while an objectless existence always has a downward drift.

There is consolation for any one who is drifting in the thought that, though, as we have said, nothing short of a revolution will rescue a man from years of apathy, personal revolutions are not by any means uncommon. Often all that the drifter needs is to be awakened from a careless slumber.

A fresh, strong, sudden interest—love, grief, a new hope, a change of scene, an illness, any deep impression—may suffice to sweep the dreamer out of a stagnant backwater where he was somewhat ignominiously at rest. No one need lose heart while there is any soundness of moral fibre left in him. It is quite possible that he may yet be found in the race in his right position after he has been fully aroused by a beneficent crisis.

As we ought to be more frugal of our time than our money, the one being infinitely more valuable than the other, so ought we to be particularly watchful of opportunities. There are times and seasons proper for every purpose of life; and a very material part of prudence it is to judge rightly of them. If you have, for example, a favor to ask of a phlegmatic, gloomy man, take him if you can over his bottle. If you want to deal with a covetous man, by no means propose your business after he has been paying away money, but rather after he has been receiving. If you know a person for whose interest you have occasion, who is unhappy in his family, put yourself in his way abroad, rather than wait on him at his own house. A statesman will not be likely to give you a favorable audience immediately after meeting with a disappointment in any of his schemes. There are even many people who are always sour and ill-humored from their rising till they have dined. As in persons, so in things, opportunity is of the utmost consequence.

WE must be continually sacrificing our own wills, as opportunity serves, to the will of others; bearing without notice sights and sounds that annoy us; setting about this or that task, when we had far rather be doing something very different; persevering in it, often when we are thoroughly tired of it; keeping company for duty's sake, when it would be a great joy to us to be by ourselves; besides all the trifling untoward accidents of life; bodily pain and weakness long continued, and perplexing us often when it does not amount to illness; losing what we value, missing what we desire; disappointment in other persons, wilfulness, unkindness, ingratitude, folly, in cases where we least expect it.

THE selfish man may have many valuable traits, but he can never have real heroism, because he never can forget himself; he never can throw himself into any cause or any work with an individual heart. Life to him is only valuable for what it brings to him. He is happy or unhappy according to what he gets or does not get; while the heroic man prizes life for what he can bring to it, and is happy or the reverse according to what he does or does not do.

No one can be too loving, or sympathetic, or tender, or generous. All these gracious impulses are to be rejoiced in and cherished. They constitute the grace and beauty of character, and are the very well-springs of human happiness. It is only when they lack the guiding hand of reason to direct them into safe channels that their natural and good results are changed into harmful ones.

IT is to the interest of every man to better himself or his condition when he can do so honestly. This is what to a certain extent we are all aiming to accomplish; but we shall not be able to reach this if, instead of earnest faithful work, we devote our energies to seeking out and obtaining easy positions.

ENJOY the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours. We are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

A CHARACTER which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty and the ability to perform it is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

WITH rudeness suffered to reign at home, impoliteness must necessarily be the rule abroad.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

S. G.—There is no particular harm in giggling. It is a sign of nervous susceptibility and bashfulness, and will be outgrown like other childish weaknesses and habits.

E. L. D.—In the seven years of the Revolutionary War Great Britain sent to America about 112,000 soldiers and 23,000 seamen. The forces raised by the United States during the same period consisted of about 288,000 soldiers.

W. H.—In English politics, a whip is a member of Parliament who performs the non-official but important duty of looking after the interests of his party, and who secures the attendance of as many members as possible at important divisions on bills and other measures.

D. T. T.—Michel Ney, one of the most celebrated marshals of the first French Empire, was the son of a cooper; his birthplace, Saar Louis, a town of Rhenish Prussia; the date, January 10, 1769. He was, after a most brilliant life, tried and convicted of high treason, and executed in the garden of the Luxembourg, Paris, December 7, 1815. There is no foundation for the story that he escaped to America and engaged in school-teaching.

B. C. S.—Death-watch is a superstitious name given to the sound produced by several insects, but mostly by a small beetle. The tick of the death-watch is made by striking their heads or mandibles against the wood in which the are concealed. These strong and repeated strokes, from seven to eleven, resemble the regular ticking of a watch, and are supposed to be the means by which the sexes call each other. Other insects make a somewhat similar tick.

L. D.—The Albanians are regarded as constituting the best soldiers in the Turkish Army. The Turks call them Arnauts. They are muscular and active. Their dress is described as fantastic and complicated. The well-to-do wear a close fitting vest buttoned to the throat, an open jacket, with open sleeves, handsomely embroidered. A frilled skirt falls to the knees from a broad girdle. Cloth leggings, also embroidered, cover the legs, and they wear the fez, a red cap without a brim.

GIPSY.—The perfume of flowers is obtained by a process termed enfleurage, and is based upon the fact that purified fat, oil, or butter, will absorb the odor of flowers, as salt absorbs water from the air, when the fresh blossoms are brought into contact with the grease. Fat or oil, thus odorated, on being put into spirit, gives up its scent to the spirit, which then becomes the perfume of the shops. For experiment, spread pure fat on two plates; then gather flowers, and put them between the plates, face to face.

P. L. B.—Harsh and unjust criticism of others' conduct or performance often results from using one's own ideal of excellence as a test. A capable, but captious person examines a piece of work, or surveys a course of action, and sees, or thinks he sees, how it might have been improved. At once he begins to find fault, to depreciate, to blame, forgetting that the standard by which he judges is his own, and not that of another. It remains at least very doubtful if he would have come up to it in the same circumstances; but to censure another for not bringing his practice into harmony with the censor's imaginings is surely unreasonable.

S. H.—As foods containing carbon, starch and sugar tend to increase one's weight by producing fat, those afflicted with obesity are always cautioned to eat food in which these constituents occur in sparing quantities. Therefore if a person desires to gain flesh, it will be necessary for him to indulge heartily in saccharine and farinaceous foods of all kinds; although in many cases it is useless to do so when nature has determined that he shall always remain lean and spare. A happy contented state of mind has also much to do with adding an extra covering to the bones, as nervous, excitable beings seldom give nature such a chance to round their outlines.

D. C. S.—"Two young men met a friend, a lady, in the street, and were introduced by her to her companions—several elderly ladies. The entire party adjourned to an hotel and there awaited the train which was to take the ladies to their destination. In two hours the train arrives. The young men escort the ladies to the cars, see them safely seated, shake hands with each, and go out, lifting their hats as they leave the cars. Was it right or wrong to shake hands after two hours' acquaintance?" Under the circumstances it was permissible. The ladies were all taking their departure. You shook the hand of your friend, and it was not amiss to include her elderly friends in the hand-shaking, though by no means incumbent upon you.

DAISY.—Your parents are possessed of a great deal of common-sense and foresight in refusing to further your ambition to become an actress, as we fail to discover in your letter indications of anything but a foolish infatuation for a profession for which you are, without doubt, totally unfitted. There are hundreds of men and women at the present day who have one time or another been smitten with "stage-fever," but luckily for them and a long-suffering public, have discovered their unfitness and adopted a more congenial means of gaining a living. Go and do likewise, and in a short time you will readily acknowledge the worth of our advice, and wonder how you could have been so foolish. The "fire of a thousand ambitions" now burning in your soul can be very easily quenched by the application of a small quantity of good common-sense.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

BY D. R.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the faggot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear.
And over my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house,
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall;
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and the empty chair
And the horse he used to ride,
And they will speak with silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister, too,
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sports
As I never did before.
And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We all shall go to our Father's house—
To our Father's home in the skies—
Where the hopes of our souls shall have no blight,
Our loves no broken ties.
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

Jim's Wife.

BY S. S.

WHEN Jim Durrant first met Lilian Patterson he thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld. He was not far wrong, and many men thought the same. It was a holy, seraphic kind of beauty, a beauty that held one entranced, and even slightly overawed—it was too overwhelming for my taste, and so I told my friend Jim. I prefer a more usual type of woman.

Everything about Lilian was so perfect; the red and white of her complexion was so exquisitely mingled; her hair so faultless in color and texture, her eyes so limpid, her features so exactly cut, that I never looked at her without thinking of the most perfectly-made Parisian doll—a marvel of beauty and workmanship that might melt at a breath.

If I had married Lilian Patterson I should never have been able to get over the idea that she must be kept under a glass case for week days and only taken out on Sundays—and after all a man wants his wife for every day and not only for the best.

But Jim Durrant had always been an immense admirer of beauty; to his mind it was a woman's first duty to be pretty, and if she could manage to soar to the height of actual loveliness, why, so much the better for her and for all those who had the pleasure of looking at her.

Three weeks after their first meeting Jim became engaged to his golden-haired Circe. He was insanely happy, for few men are capable of being as madly in love as he.

He was absolute slave to the lovely bit of red and white clay that had enthralled him. Jim was not rich; as incomes go nowadays, his eight hundred a year was barely enough to live on comfortably, but he never went to see Lilian empty-handed.

He showered boquets and jewels upon her, and she accepted his gifts calmly and graciously, in the manner of one who knows she is a divinity and entitled as such to all a man can give her, whether it takes the shape of money, devotion, or his very heart's blood.

Jim was a handsome fellow himself, blue-eyed and brown-skinned, and the happy possessor of extremely winning manners. They had won the heart of one other woman at least. Even I, hardened old bachelor though I am, could tell that Maggie Glover was head over ears in love with him, and there is no doubt that if he had ever met Lilian, Jim, who was an easy going fellow, would have imagined himself in love with Maggie, married her, and met with quite an usual amount of human happiness.

Maggie and Jim had known each other all their lives.

Maggie hardly remembered the time when Jim had not been the sun round which her little sun revolved, and Jim was lazily conscious of her adoration, and accepted it all with a pleasant feeling of superiority and condescension.

He had always been in the habit of telling Maggie his triumphs and his troubles, so when Lilian accepted him he went straight to Maggie and told her the joyful news.

A man in love is always selfish to every one outside and the woman who seems only another part of himself. Jim hardly noticed Maggie's pallor and the agonized eyes which implored him to spare her the sight of his happiness.

He only felt that he must pour out his exuberance of joy to some one, and Maggie listened patiently to praises of Lilian's beauty and perfection until she grew sick with misery and a new dreadful feeling of envy and hatred.

But Maggie was intensely religious; perhaps her religion was the strongest passion of her nature, and after a time she grew able to look upon her trouble as a chastening that it would be almost sinful to resist.

And then, about three months after that extremely trying half-hour, when Jim told her of his engagement, Maggie heard that it was broken off.

The beautiful Lilian had sufficient worldly wisdom to jilt her somewhat ineligible fiance, and had accepted in his stead a wealthy, though unpalatable-looking suitor.

Jim stormed and prayed, but in vain. His divinity's exquisitely-curved lips could frame a most decided "no," her expressive eyes could be extremely unresponsive.

"You know I love you, dearest Jim," said Lilian. "I shall always love you, and if I followed the dictates of my own heart," (Lilian's language was always well chosen) "I would face any amount of poverty with and for you; but I must not think only of myself; my dear parents are old and poor" (embroidered handkerchief); "my marriage with Mr. Morley will render their declining years secure from poverty" (same business); "I must sacrifice my own life to theirs."

"But I don't see why you should sacrifice mine," said Jim with impatience and a good deal of logic. "They are not my parents; your sentiments are very beautiful and do you credit, but you didn't talk of your duty to your parents when you accepted me three months ago."

Lilian turned a reproachful glance upon him.

"You gave me no time to think, Jim. I—I—had no time to think of duty, and——"

"And Mr. Orlando Morley had not appeared on the scene," remarked Jim Durrant grimly.

"You thought I and my eight hundred a year were little better than nothing, but now that that elderly brute with his brewery, and his house in Mayfair and his mansion in Lincolnshire and his confounded thousands has turned up, you find it convenient to think of your dear parents.

"Well, I release you, Lilian—marry the old fellow, but when you pride yourself on having fulfilled your duty to your parents, just give a glance to the other side of the question and think of how you have carried out your duty to me.

"If I go to the bad utterly, or marry some girl I don't care a pin for, out of sheer pique and misery, you will be to blame for it. Don't forget that."

Jim stamped away in a fury, and Lilian burst into tears, and spent the rest of the day in her room and a good deal of misery.

To do her justice she loves Jim as much as she was capable of loving any one, but she loved money more, and the bare thought of poverty, now that Mr. Morley and his thousands had burst upon her and made luxury attainable, was unbearable.

What, live in penury and Camden Town when Mayfair was in her grasp?—never! So Jim and Lilian went their separate ways, and Lilian's way led her very soon to St. George's, Hanover Square.

It was a very grand wedding; her train was brocade and three yards long, and supported with difficulty by three small pages, flanked by eight judiciously-selected bridesmaids.

Her photograph appeared in the Lady's Pictorial, and her trousseau and the presents were duly chronicled in the same paper.

Her bridal dress suited Lilian to perfection—she had never looked more seraphically lovely, and the spectators considered Mr. Morley a lucky man.

Jim Durrant was there too; concealed in a dim corner of the gallery, he heard the woman who had jilted him, but whom he adored as much as much as ever, vow to love, honor and obey Mr. Orlando Morley, a stout, elderly, uninteresting man, whom, without his eight thousand a year, Lilian would certainly never have looked at, save with all the scorn and derision of a spoilt beauty.

And yet now she promised to cleave to him for better, for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part.

"Jim's head swam as he heard Lilian's soft voice pronounce those solemn words without a quaver.

He rushed out of the church, parting the astonished crowd to right and left, and exciting great indignation in the breasts of the four policemen hired to maintain order and keep off pick pockets on this grand occasion.

Jim Durrant spent hours walking up and down the streets aimlessly, miserably; he was hard hit and he suffered.

A few days later, spurred by an unbearable feeling of humiliation and wrong, he took the one irrevocable false step of his life.

He asked Maggie Glover to marry him. Poor Maggie was not clever, her heart had grown and flourished at the expense of her head.

She was one of those soft, loving women who can worship one or two objects with an overwhelming devotion: a silly, impulsive little creature, but a creature that through force of love might be capable of higher sacrifices than many a loftier-minded woman.

Jim was everything to her, and she could not gauge the peril of marrying a man who did not love her.

"I can't offer you love, Maggie," said Jim, "that's all dead and gone, but I will do all I can to make you happy—you—you love me, don't you?" It was a superfluous question, Maggie's heart was in her eyes.

"I don't expect you to love me yet, Jim," said she meekly; "you are far too good for me, I know; but if you really wish to marry me, if it will make you happier to have a wife to care for you, why—I——" her voice broke, her soft eyes overflowed. "I love you, Jim!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck, "and I would die to make you happy."

So Jim and Maggie were married.

Maggie was a very pale and unobtrusive little bride; white satin did not suit her, and Jim looked at her with a bitter sense of contrast.

Ah, if only it were Lilian standing beside him at the altar, how different the world and its future would appear. As he thought of her he almost saw that radiant vision by his side, he heard her voice, he felt her hand in his; then suddenly he woke from his dream with a start—the clergyman's voice was in his ears, sounding loud and almost threatening.

"I pronounce that they be man and wife together in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Jim looked down at the little figure by his side—it was Maggie, only Maggie—her hand was in his, she was his wife—he was fettered for ever.

* * * * * *

For a few months Maggie was happy; she worshipped her husband so entirely that just to be with him was enough for her. A few kind words, an occasional careless caress quite satisfied her.

It must be said that Jim was very comfortable during that first year of his married life.

Maggie was an excellent housekeeper, she made Jim's modest income go a long way, and their little house in Camden Town was as bright and cheerful a spot as I should ever wish to see.

And Jim was not unhappy; Lilian Morley had gone so completely out of his life that he might even have entirely forgotten her if it had not been for a certain unfortunate event.

There is no doubt that Jim Durrant would have done as many a jilted and heart-broken man has done before him; that is to say, he would have recognised that the woman he had married out of mere pique was worth her weight in gold, and ended by falling in love with his wife.

But unfortunately for poor Maggie, Mr. Orlando Morley saw fit to catch the influenza that was taking its usual winter's stroll round London, and one morning, when Jim Durrant took up the Daily Telegraph, his eyes alighted on the following paragraph under the head of deaths:

MORLEY.—On August 29 h, at St. Matthew's, Bournemouth, James Orlando Morley, the beloved husband of Lilian Morley, of 61, Park Street, Mayfair; and Glastonbury Hall, Lincolnshire."

Jim was off his guard and when he read that paragraph he started and turned pale.

"What's the matter, dear?" said Maggie innocently; "anything wrong with the money market?"

"Nothing's wrong," said Jim roughly; "I wish you wouldn't watch me like a dog waiting for a bone."

Maggie made no answer, but her eyes filled with tears; it was the first time her husband had spoken harshly to her. Jim saw the tears and they irritated him.

He crushed the paper in his hand and flung it fiercely away, then hurried out of the room with a half suppressed oath. A few minutes later Maggie heard the hall door close; Jim had gone without a word of good-bye.

To tell the truth, Jim, for a few moments, had completely forgotten the poor girl's existence; that unlucky paragraph had raked up the buried past, which, after all, had had no deeper covering than a pauper's corpse in a city churchyard, and all his old feelings for Lilian had returned and insisted on asserting themselves.

She was free; that elderly uninteresting old brewer, who had dared to marry such a young and lovely creature, was actually dead.

Dead. Lilian was a widow now, a rich widow, free to marry the man she loved. These reflections carried Jim out into the street, and it was only then, when the hall door banged behind him and he caught a sudden glimpse of Maggie's pale face at the window, that he remembered his wife.

Lilian was free, but he himself was bound—tied for life to a woman he could never love and who was terribly irritatingly in love with him.

And then his thoughts reverted to the paragraph in the newspaper, he had seen the beloved husband of Lilian Morley." Beloved husband! the words irritated and wounded him; it was impossible that that fat elderly man could ever have been the "beloved husband of Lilian, his Lilian. How could she parade such a palpable falsehood in the public papers? It was abominable.

And meanwhile Maggie, left at home, spent an hour in tears, then, not being devoid of curiosity, took up the newspaper which had had such an effect upon Jim, and in the course of time succeeded in finding the paragraph which announced the death of Mr. Morley.

Poor Maggie! she had been very happy for the last few months in the hope that her husband's heart was becoming entirely her own, and now she saw only too clearly what a mistake she made. She realized with painful distinctness what Jim's feelings must be to find himself bound now that Lilian was free.

But when Jim came home that evening he was so kind to her, so anxious to make amends for his harshness of the morning, that she began to hope again.

Three month's later Maggie's baby was born, and then indeed a new life began for her.

She worshipped her child; she had the same passionate all-absorbing devotion for those two beloved beings.

It is useless to describe Maggie's feelings for her child; those who have children can realise it without description, ten pages of pen and ink and adjectives would not bring it home to those who have none.

And now everything went happily; Jim was a careful and tender husband, an adequately devoted father, and for a few months Maggie lived in paradise. One day, however, the snake found its way into that happy spot.

It was Sunday, and Jim and Maggie had gone after church for a walk in Hyde Park; it was very hot and sunny and they sat down to rest under a chestnut tree near the Lady's Mile, and watch the gay crowd pass in what is termed the street parade. Maggie was very happy that morning, her husband had praised her bright eyes and pink cheeks; that alone was enough to raise her spirits, and she prattled away merrily.

She was in the midst of an anecdote tending to prove the prodigious and phenomenal powers of her infant, when she became aware that her husband's attention had wandered.

She had said, "Isn't that wonderful, dear!" three times and he had not answered, Jim was not listening.

No, he was leaning eagerly forward and staring fixedly at a lady who was ap-

proaching them. Maggie looked also and saw such a beautiful woman that her heart gave a great bound and then stood still. The warm summer air grew suddenly cold and she shivered.

Instinct told her at once that this tall golden haired creature, whose heavy widow's weeds only added a finishing touch of interest and sorrow to the perfection of her appearance, was Lilian Morley, the woman who had jilted Jim.

And her husband was absolutely absorbed in gazing at his old love; he was entirely deaf to his wife's voice telling him an anecdote of his own baby. She laid a trembling hand on Jim's arm: "I am tired, dear; let us go home," she said, but Jim took no notice.

Lilian was close upon them now, her crape rustling heavily along the ground, her small head shaded by an elaborate work of art in the shape of a parasol.

She turned slightly as Maggie spoke, and her eyes fell upon the couple on the seat. A flush came into her cheeks, her eyes brightened.

"Jim!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand, "how glad I am to see you!"

Jim took the proffered hand in silence, he had completely lost his head, and Maggie, who had also risen to her feet, stood awkwardly enough looking from one to the other. Lilian saw her confusion and enjoyed it.

"Aren't you going to introduce me to your wife?" she said smiling.

Jim stammered out a few words and the two women shook hands, Lilian with a gracious air of condescension that grated on Maggie like an insult, Maggie with a perceptible hesitation and awkwardness that was delightful to Lilian, who never had much mercy on her own sex.

"Of course you have heard of my sad loss?" said Lilian, after a pause.

Jim murmured a few words of condolence.

"My trouble is still so recent that I see very few people, but an old friend like you is different. Come and see me soon, Jim, and bring your wife. I am always at home after five. Come this afternoon if you can. You business men are so busy on week days. Good bye, Jim. Good-bye, Mrs. Durrant; so pleased to have made your acquaintance."

And with a gracious shake of the hand Lilian sailed away, Jim's eyes following her until the graceful black figure was lost in the crowd of gay-colored dresses.

"What dress are you going to wear to go o Mrs. Morley's this afternoon, Maggie?" said Jim after dinner.

Maggie looked up with a start.

"Oh! Jim you know I can't leave baby. It's Sarah's afternoon out, and of course I must look after the little one."

"Then I must go by myself, I suppose."

"What, go out on your only holiday and leave me all alone? I thought we were going to take baby out in the perambulator to the Regent's Park."

Jim shifted uncomfortably on his chair.

"We took her there last Sunday; besides, I—I consider it my duty to go and see Mrs. Morley, and you ought to think so, too. You think a great deal about your religion, Maggie. You are very great on going to church and talking about charity and duty to one's neighbor and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to practising what you preach you don't get very far. Mrs. Morley has lost her husband—she is in trouble—it would be unkind of me not to go and see her. As for you ——"

"You can make my excuses," said Maggie, her lips quivering a little.

So Jim went, and had a very pleasant afternoon, and when he came back—having stayed to tea and supper—he was naturally irritated to find that Maggie had a headache and a white face, and was not in the best of spirits.

* * * * * *

It was in the autumn of the next year that a terrible domestic calamity fell upon the Durrants. Little Molly was ailing; London did not agree with the child, and as Jim had a few week's holiday they went down to a farmhouse in Yorkshire, hoping that the bracing sea air would do wonders for her.

Molly revived at first, but she was a delicate child; she caught a chill, the chill became diphtheria, and in a few days she was dead.

They buried the poor little body in the quiet churchyard near the sea, and all that was best and brightest in Maggie was buried in that grave with her child. She bore her trouble quietly and bravely—intense religious feeling helped her—but she was never the same after little Molly's death.

As for Jim, though he grieved for a week or two he soon got over it; to the father little Molly had been no more than a baby, a mere bundle of clothes with an inconvenient amount of lung power, but to the mother it was more than that; it was not only her own child, but a mass of infinite possibilities, and a whole future was buried with her baby.

She clung more intensely than ever now to Jim. He was all she had left in the world. To do Jim Durrant justice, he was very kind and tender to his wife for a time, but day by day she grew less necessary to him.

She had become silent and abstracted, she spent hours weeping in her room, grieving over the dead child. She was dreadfully thin and pale, and quite unable to accompany him in the long walks which were his relaxation when he left his monotonous office work. Day by day his thoughts turned more to Lilian. He saw Mrs. Morley constantly, more often than his wife ever guessed, and she had taken all her old hold upon him.

Maggie's devotion annoyed him; the touch of her loving hand upon his, her kisses, her gentle speeches, and, above all, the tender patient smile with which she received even harsh words from him irritated her husband to an unreasonable extent.

He constantly contrasted her sad pale looks with Lilian's radiant beauty, till at last his wife's presence, and his own consciousness of cruelty and wrong towards her, became almost unbearable to the unhappy man. And then came the crisis; some look or tone, an unguarded word from Lilian Morley told him that she loved him still—after that there was no pausing on the downward course.

Jim poured out his love for her in passionate words, told her that without her life was intolerable, and implored her to go with him—anywhere—anywhere in the wide world would be paradise with her.

Now this was a very puzzling consideration for Lilian Morley; she loved Jim Durrant, perhaps all the more by force of contrast with her former husband, and her ideas of morality were not rigid, but she hesitated and asked for time.

She had to consider whether love and Jim would turn the scale against social position, and after mature consideration Lilian came to the conclusion that there was no reason why the possession of the former should entail the loss of the latter. She was beautiful and she was rich; with two such powers as these London society would not be too cruel to her.

Of course, Jim's wife would divorce him, and then everything would go right. So on Tuesday, the sixth of November, Lilian wrote Jim the following epistle, a charming combination of sentiment and practical detail:

"My Own Dearest,

"I have decided you are right. What is life to me without love, without you! I am content to give up all for your sake, and deem the world and everything in it well lost for love and you. You say you can bear your life no longer, that death would be preferable to life without me—and what you feel I feel. I shall be ready on Thursday at eight o'clock. Take tickets for Paris. My maid will accompany us, but of course she will go third class. I shall have three boxes, a hand bag and my pug.

"Good-bye, darling—in frantic haste,

"Your ever loving

Lilian."

Jim read that letter in a tumult of wild joy and exultation, the delirious kind of joy and excitement that sober virtue could never excite. Even the mention of the maid, three boxes and the pug did not chill him.

He covered the pink delicately-scented paper with kisses, thrust it into his pocket with a shaking hand and went in to dinner.

"Jim, dear," said Maggie when the meal was over, "have you brought me the ribbon I asked you to match for me?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I brought it." His cheek flushed a little, he could not meet his wife's eyes. It was the last ribbon he would ever match for her.

"It is very good of you to remember it, dear, when you have so much to do."

Her soft voice sounded dreadful in his ears. He thrust his hand into his pocket, brought out a small parcel and flung it down on the table.

"Don't sit up for me to-night," he said hoarsely; "I—I shall not be in till late."

The door slammed behind him, and Maggie took up the parcel with a little sigh. As she did so her eyes fell upon a crumpled bit of paper lying on the floor, dragged out of Jim's pocket together with the packet.

Maggie, the most methodical little person in the world, picked up the untidy paper at once. In another moment she would have thrown it into the fire, but a small thing restrained her.

A delicate fragrance clung to the paper and took Maggie back to that day in Hyde Park when she had first seen Lilian Morley; her arm, which had been raised in act to throw, fell suddenly to her side, her breath came quick, her cheek paled under a sudden presentiment of evil. Then slowly, with trembling fingers, she opened the paper and read Lilian's flowing sentences.

Maggie sank into a chair, a great wave of horror and despair flooded her whole being and deprived her of consciousness. It was almost an hour before she shook off the stupor which paralyzed even the power to suffer, and took up her cross of life and misery again. Her husband had been her god, and now—oh! to what a depth he had fallen!

It was not only the misery of realizing that he did not love her, had never learnt to love her, that his whole heart belonged to this other woman, but there was all the horror of knowing that Jim was about to commit a sin.

Maggie's religious creed was a very simple one; if you did right you went to Heaven, if you did wrong you went—in the opposite direction.

Maggie herself was so happily constituted that she could hardly have done wrong if she had tried, and up to the present time this simple creed of hers had been quite satisfactory; but now, for the first time, it failed to comfort or support her. She shuddered as she thought of those threatening words, "the wages of sin is death."

Spiritual death, the death of the soul, must be Jim's doom. It was a doom she had calmly contemplated for others, from the vantage of her own pedestal of virtue, but now that it was brought home to her, now that it was her own husband that must endure this terrible doom, her very soul sickened at the thought.

But she did not think of questioning it—it was the faith in which she had been brought up; there was no hope for the sinner unless he repented before it was too late, and she felt that Jim would not repent.

Oh! God, what could she do to save him? Why had she married? If she had only had the strength of mind to push that hope of happiness from her, Jim would be safe now and happy—happy with Lilian. And at that thought Maggie was human enough to feel an added pang.

She buried her head in her hands and thought. What could she do? How could Jim be saved? Oh! why could she not die? she had nothing to live for; her baby was dead, her husband did not love her, life stretched before her in a dreary blank. She started at the sudden thought. Her death would save him. He would be free to marry Lilian; he would be happy, she only would be guilty.

Yes, she must die, she must commit the terrible sin of taking the life that had been given her to spend worthily, the life that had been merely lent her to return, worn out, perhaps, but pure and unblemished.

"Oh! God," prayed poor Maggie, "punish me, not him; if one of us two must suffer everlasting death, let it be me—not him! not him!"

Suicide is not a very appalling thought to many, but to Maggie it was terrible indeed; to her it was the loss of every spiritual good, it was her very soul she gave to save her somewhat unworthy husband.

Jim came home that night in a perturbed frame of mind; he had lost Lilian's letter, and an unquiet conscience suggested that Maggie might have found it—she had such an annoying way of tidying everything and picking up every stray bit of paper.

Would she be waiting up for him ready to hurl tears and anathemas at his guilty head? But the house was dark and still, Maggie had evidently gone to bed, and when he went upstairs he found his wife fast asleep, the sleep of utter exhaustion after long mental agony and conflict. Jim breathed freely again.

"It's all right," thought he; "I must have pulled out the letter with my handkerchief; I'm glad I'm spared a domestic ovation. I daresay Maggie will take it quietly enough when the blow falls; after all she married me with her eyes open."

I told her I could not give her love, and if she had been wise she would have known that when a man doesn't love his own wife it's deuced easy for him to love some other fellow's instead."

But next morning even Jim's indifferent eyes saw that Maggie looked pale. "What's the matter?" he said, looking up from his cup of coffee, "you look ill, Maggie."

"I—my tooth aches rather badly," said poor Maggie; "I shall go out presently and get some chloroform."

"Chloroform? I've got some," said Jim; "got it a few days ago for my own confounded tooth. You can get it out of my dressing table drawer if you like. Well, good-bye, Maggie; I'm off."

"Good-bye," said Maggie, faintly, and then jumping up she flung her arms round his neck and clung to him for a moment. "Jim! Jim! good-bye."

"Why, what's the matter?" said Jim carelessly; "you are quite dramatic, Maggie."

She turned away and took up the newspaper; she had said her last words, looked her last look at him; when Jim came back again he would find her dead. She kept her head steadily turned away; she heard his footstep across the room, but she had the strength of mind not to look up. When at last she put down the paper and looked round she was alone.

Maggie went upstairs and got out the bottle of chloroform; she had quite resolved to kill herself. She paused by the window and looked out into the dreary street; it was bitterly cold, the wind was groaning in the chimneys, and the snow lay on the ground.

As she looked, a little procession of black-clad figures came slowly down the street; two of them, with bent heads and eyes reddened with tears, carried a tiny coffin on their shoulders. Maggie gave a sudden cry and covered her eyes with her hands.

Recollection had burst upon her; it was the anniversary of her child's death. In the anguish of mind she had endured, she had actually forgotten it. Her child, her little Molly, she was lying there in her grave far away, all alone under the snow, and her mother had forgotten her.

An intense longing came to her to see that churchyard again, to stand by her child's grave, and take a last memory of it with her on the far, uncertain journey on which she was bound.

So Maggie hastily scribbled a line to her husband, and a few hours later found her at Daling station. It was an hour's walk to Eldon church and the snow was falling, but what did the poor creature care for any physical discomfort?

She toiled slowly, the snow impeding her progress, and clinging heavily round her boots and skirts. The sun was sinking when she reached Eldon village; the bitter cold had driven every one indoors, no one saw the dark figure as it stumbled painfully on in the teeth of the stormy wind.

"At last she reached the churchyard, and groped her way through the quickly-falling darkness to the dark corner where Molly lay.

The little mound was covered deep in snow—never had Molly lain in a softer, prettier, purer bed.

"I will die here, on your grave," whispered Maggie; "you shan't be lonely any more, my darling; mother will soon be with you."

She fell on her knees by the grave and covered the frozen grass with kisses. How cold it was; she still held Jim's bottle of chloroform, but as the cold increased it fell from her frozen hand and slid down into the snow.

Maggie did not notice it, her limbs were cold as ice, but her head felt on fire. She heard her dead child's voice, she felt its little hand in hers.

"I am coming," she whispered; "mother is coming, Molly." She fell forward her full length upon the grave and the snow fell softly upon her.

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When Jim came home that evening dinner was waiting for him, but no Maggie. The servant gave him his wife's note and Jim opened it with a certain anxiety; had she read Lilian's letter after all? But he soon breathed freely.

"Dear Jim," ran the hurried scrawl, which Jim mentally contrasted with Mrs. Morley's elegant calligraphy, "don't expect me back to-night, it is the anniversary of our child's death, and I am going down to Eldon to pray by her grave. Good-bye, and God bless you always."

Jim's lip's curled a little at those last words; it was so like Maggie to write like that; one might really imagine that she

was never going to see him again. Then his conscience smote him; after all, was not that true enough? It was Wednesday, after to-day, poor Maggie would lose her husband for ever.

Jim shrugged his shoulders and turned impatiently away from his thoughts.

"Of course she'll get over it," he said half aloud; "what is the use of thinking of it? what is to be, must be."

He went to bed and slept well, but the next morning was fated to be an agitating one. He had only just begun breakfast when a telegram was brought to him. Jim opened it with a trembling hand; was it from Lilian? had anything gone wrong? But his fears on that score were soon set at rest: it was from the doctor at Eldon, the same doctor who had prescribed for Molly.

"Come at once! your wife is dying."

Jim staggered under those words as though they had been blows. Maggie dying! poor little loving Maggie, who had never given him a harsh word or a chilling look. It was horrible! He felt like a murderer.

It was two o'clock before Jim reached Eldon. They had taken Maggie to the old farmhouse where she and her husband had stayed a year ago, and she was lying on the bed where little Molly had died.

The doctor rose and came to Jim with a grave face.

"She lives still," he said, "but she is unconscious; there is no hope."

"But how, how?" stammered Jim.

The doctor answered his unspoken question.

"She was found early this morning lying on your child's grave. It had snowed most of the night and it was very cold, she cannot survive the shock and the exposure."

Jim took the doctor's place by Maggie's and looked down at the poor white face. He was a miserable man; if he had murdered her he could hardly have felt more guilty.

The cold hand he held in both his own stirred a little, then Maggie's eyes opened and met his own.

"Jim!" she murmured feebly, "I didn't think I should see you again. Good-bye, Jim."

"Maggie," he cried, holding her tightly to him, "don't say good-bye, don't leave me; I—I will do better in the future, indeed I will; I'll be a better husband to you don't die, Maggie!"

And he meant it at the moment.

Maggie smiled, the patient tender smile that had so often irritated him; it only touched him now.

"No, dear; it's better so. I—I hope you will be happy when I am gone, Jim," her voice grew very low and faint. "Bury me there, where they found me; bury me near my little Molly."

She lay silent for a while, then suddenly she raised herself on her pillows, a curious light upon her face.

"I love you, Jim!" she cried, "and I would die to make you happy!"

Her mind had wandered back to the day when Jim had asked her to be his wife. Those were Maggie's last words; she fell back into her husband's arms and died, but the bright smile of love and happiness still lingered on her face.

Maggie was buried in Eldon churchyard; her name was added to the tablet which already bore her child's. For a few months Jim was quite conscious stricken and heart-broken, but his was an elastic temperament and he soon recovered his normal cheerfulness.

Jim Durant was a very charming fellow, but wanting in imagination; he never guessed that Lilian's letter to him had been his wife's death-blow; he had never gauged the depth of Maggie's character or realised the intensity of her love for him.

"Poor little Maggie," he said to me, not so very long after her death; "I ought never to have married her; if I hadn't she would soon have married some other fellow and been perfectly happy. She was such a tender, clinging little thing, she would have learnt to love any one."

After that I was not surprised when, eight months later, I heard that Jim had married Lilian Morley. Jim Durrant is a rich man now, and his wife is universally acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful women in London, so I suppose he is happy. Whether he quite deserves to be is another question.

ON THE OLD MISSISSIPPI.

Engrossed as we are there days with white squadrons, record-breaking Atlantic liners, yacht races, and Henley regattas, we can with difficulty believe that far away from all these, on the waters of the Mississippi Valley, there is a great fleet doing a vast business without fuss or noise, and yet it is true.

Up and down the rivers of the Mississippi Valley ply to-day 8000 steamers and unrigged craft. The crew that mans them numbers fully 160 000. They move annually fully 30 000 000 tons of freight and carry more than 10 000 passengers. They earn in the gross some $17,000 000, and pay out perhaps $6 000 000 in wages.

It is a monstrous silent commerce, this of the wonderful valley, and it goes on unnoticed and unsung; yet there was a day, not fifty years ago, when the commerce of those rivers instead of that of the Atlantic fixed the attention and kindled the imagination of the whole country.

In those balmy days it was by these rivers almost entirely that the East and West, the North and South, held intercourse; the railroad had not linked the States into one, and all who would journey through the central United States, send their wares hither, or bring from without foreign products, did it by grace of the waters of the valley.

The commerce which grew up thus was one of the most vivid, picturesque, and energetic in all the history of water traffic.

With a raft or flatboat as a foundation the river men built up some of the most grotesque craft conceivable.

One of the strangest sights were their fleets of lumber, formed by lashing together solidly with rope thirty or more long lumber rafts.

Upon flatboats and keelboats it was customary to build sheds, shanties, or cabins, according to their purpose and the wealth of the owner. The entire hull was covered with a cabin in the produce boat, and on top of this was a smaller cabin for the crew.

As every man built as he pleased in those days, there were hardly two flatboats alike on the river. Many of the boatmen painted their cabins in gay colors, others blazoned mottoes on them. "New Orleans or Bust" was a favorite legend, and an appropriate one, for so poorly were many of the crafts put to gether that it was as often "Bust" as "New Orleans."

These boats were manned by a crew from one to fifty, according to size. In the larger keel boats there were usually some twenty men.

They went down "under oars" when the water was low; if it were high, they went "on top of the water," as the expression is, and needed only to steer.

The fleets usually waited for high water. They carried often a crew of fifty men, who were kept busy with poles and long oars guiding the sprawling thing.

The flatboats and barges found a rival when the steamboat appeared.

The first steamer voyage on the western waters was made in 1811 by a boat called the New Orleans. The idea of introducing steam on the Ohio and Mississippi originated with Nicholas J. Roosevelt, who built his boat himself in Pittsburg, on the banks of the Monongahela, at a cost of some $48 000. The voyage was begun in September.

When it was known in Pittsburg that Roosevelt intended taking his wife with him on this trip, which everybody regarded as a defiance of the laws of the universe, there was a great hue and cry in the town.

A man might be justified in killing himself, for science's sake, but he had no right to risk his wife's life.

Mrs. Roosevelt, however, had great faith in her husband, and insisted on going on the New Orleans trial trip. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, who were the only passengers, the boat had a crew of thirteen persons and one Newfoundland dog.

All Pittsburg turned out to witness the departure, and at Cincinnati there was another ovation. The boat reached Louisville in the night and anchored. The roar of escaping steam aroused the whole town, and the people came trooping to the river to discover what had happened.

One explanation given before the steamboat was discovered was that the comet of 1811, which was then causing general alarm, had fallen into the Ohio.

All the way from Pittsburg Mr. Roosevelt had met the objection that while he might get down the river easily, he never could get up. The very crew of the New Orleans, all of whom were old rivermen, declared this.

At Louisville the citizens felt very confident of it. To convince them that they were wrong Mr. Roosevelt gave a dinner on the boat.

After the guests were seated a sudden rumble and motion was heard, and, frightened, every one ran on deck. The boat was headed upstream, and up she went, to the amazement of the critics.

The number of steamers increased rapidly as soon as their success was insured, more rapidly, in fact, than on the Atlantic coast, for by 1820 there had been seventy-one of them built on the Western rivers. A curious result of the introduction of the steamers was that owners of flatboats frequently rigged up crude engines and tried to apply them to their crafts.

"New Orleans or bust" came to mean more than ever after the steamers came West. Indeed, the steamer which didn't "bust" was a rarity. It was so generally taken for granted that they would that passengers usually sought the "aft" stateroom, because, as Charles Dickens himself noted as late as 1842, "the boat usually blew up forward."

Some of the accidents are the most frightful in the history of our country. Such was the explosion of the Moselle near Cincinnati in 1838.

The boat had left its wharf and gone up stream to take a family on board. As there was no running on schedule time in those days, the steamers accommodated their passengers by going out of their usual routes or by stopping whenever or wherever they were asked.

As the Moselle was a "new brag boat," while waiting for his passengers the captain "held on to all the steam he could create, with the intention not only of showing off to the best advantage the great speed of his boat as it passed down the river the entire length of the city, but that he might overtake and pass another boat which had left the wharf for Louisville but a short time previous."

Hardly had he parted from his moorings, however, before the boilers burst. Those of the passengers and crew who were not killed by the explosion were drowned—some 200 persons in all. The whole performance was a fair sample of the skill and intelligence shown in managing the early river steamers.

The enormous traffic which grew upon the rivers gradually developed a peculiar people—"the river boatmen." Obliged to live in the rudest way on their rafts and flatboats, away from their families, crowded when in towns into such quarters as the "swamp" in New Orleans, having few pleasures but drinking and gambling, these men became longshoremen of the most violent type.

There are many of them whose deeds were so dreadful that their names are still historic in the Mississippi Valley.

One curious feature of their business was that when they had reached New Orleans they were obliged to sell their boats, as they could not be got up stream, and to come back on foot, horseback, or by steamer.

Very early in the history of the rivers there appeared all the various institutions incidental to any kind of organized living. Store boats sold the rivermen furniture, groceries, clothing, and, alas! the worst of bad whisky; church boats offered them services on Sunday; there were even floating theatres, though rather for the accommodation of the towns on the river than for the sake of the rivermen.

These floating theatres had many amusing experiences, which made up in a degree for the hard financial luck which usually attended them. Among the theatre managers who took companies down the river on a barge was the entertaining Colonel Bateman. Though the trip was a series of financial shakeoffs, the Colonel laid in a stock of dinner-table stories there which lasted him all his life. One of the best was the following:

One evening when he was playing King Lear to an almost empty boat, Edgar rushed on to the stage in the middle of the storm scene and exclaimed: "By Jove Colonel, Cordelia, has got a bite." Cordelia, who was not wanted from the end of the first to the fifth act, had been fishing at the stern of the barge.

The tremendous part the river life played in developing the ambitions and intelligence of the Western settlers can never be estimated. To them it brought all they knew of the civilized world. By it alone they touched men and progress.

For many years it was the habit all through the West for the small farmer to carry his poor produce himself to New Orleans to sell. He would build a rickety flatboat, pack on it his few vegetables, hay, pork, and sundries, and off he would go.

In appearance his voyage was in the interests of commerce, but in fact it was due to his irresistible desire to see the world. The undertaking was generally a financial loss, for if his raft didn't go to pieces and his potatoes to the bottom, he had to spend all he made to get back. What matter? He had been to "Orleans" and ever after life meant a thousand new things.

And if they couldn't go down the river they could turn out when the steamers came by. Invariably, the whistle of a coming boat brought men, women, and children from far and near.

For years after the steamers appeared on western waters this excitement continued. There were towns in which it was even customary to fire a cannon at their approach. To the boys of the country a life on the rivers came to be the one worth coveting.

They might sometime plan to run away with the circus, says Mark Twain; they might dream that if they lived and were good, God would permit them to be pirates; but these were passing ambitions. The one permanent aim of their lives was to be rivermen.

And just as Mark Twain reached the river at last, so did many another boy, and found there what the world is like and what it costs to conquer it. One of the greatest of our country, indeed, got his first glimpse of the world on the rivers of this valley—Abraham Lincoln. His months of ferrying on the Ohio and of flatboating on the Mississippi were an incalculable impulse to him.

But this is all past. The fleet on the rivers of the Mississippi Valley was never greater or more prosperous, but instead of monopolising commerce, of drawing travel, of carrying news to the people on its route, of dazzling the youth of the land as it once did, it has sunk to the dead level of commonplace.

It has become a thing good for heavy burdens, for which nobody is in a hurry, and that is all. To-day it is the railway train, the telephone, the telegraph, which unites the valley with the seaboard, gives color to life, and stirs the imagination. The fleet is relegated to the canal boat and wax candle period of our history.

At Home and Abroad.

Aluminium has been put to all sorts of uses, but the most extraordinary comes from Germany, where aluminium neckties are rapidly becoming a fashion, both for ladies to wear with blouses, and with gentlemen. They are made in exact imitation of the shape of the ordinary silk or satin tie, and are fastened by a band round the neck. There is said to be absolutely no difference between them and cotton, cambric or silk, in weight, and they are easily cleaned when soiled.

The possibility of telegraphing through space has been turned to account in a most effective way for maintaining communication between the mainland and Fastnet lighthouse, on the south-west coast of Ireland. Formerly, the difficulties of carrying a telegraph cable up an exposed rock, where it was subject to constant chafing, were almost insuperable. The non-continuous system is now used, and is said to work admirably. The cable terminates in the water sixty yards off, and the electric currents sent from the shore find their way through this distance in two bare wires that dip into the sea from the rock.

Corks are thrown away in great quantities, and very few people think that there is any value attached to that material after it has served its purpose once as a stopper of a bottle. Nevertheless, it has become one of the most valuable components of a city's refuse. Great quantities of used corks are now employed again in the manufacture of insulating covers of steam pipes and boilers, of ice boxes, and ice houses, and other points to be protected from the influence of heat. Powdered cork is very useful for filling in horse collars, and the very latest application of this material is the filling in of pneumatic tires with cork shavings. Mats for bathrooms are made of cork exclusively, and it also goes into the composition of linoleum. Cheap life preservers are now filled exclusively with bottle stoppers, cut into little pieces.

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Our Young Folks.

LITTLE DOCTOR DOROTHY.

BY F. M.

"IS the doctor at home, dear?"

Dorothy Reade shook her curly head as she looked into the applicant's face with a pair of serious, forget me not blue eyes.

She had been playing in the hall, and had opened the door before either of the servants could get upstairs.

"Father went out after lunch," she said. "He won't be home until evening- I heard him tell Bland so. Oh, here's Bland."

Mrs. Bland came forward, a dignified dame in black gown and muslin apron. She was the doctor's housekeeper. The stranger who looked like a superior maid, explained her errand.

"It's my mistress, Mrs. Tremaine, of Hope Lodge, that's ill," she said. "I'm sorry the doctor's out, for perhaps before evening she'll change her mind and refuse to see him."

"What is the matter with her?" asked the housekeeper.

"It's just fretting, ma'am. Six months ago she came from India with her little girl, who was very delicate, and the dear child died soon after landing. Mrs. Tremaine left the house she had taken and came here for a change, but she can't get over her trouble. She doesn't eat or sleep, and she won't go out, and if something isn't done for her before long——"

The woman paused. Dorothy saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"I'll tell master directly he gets home," said Bland in tones of sympathy. "Most likely he'll call at the Lodge to night."

The woman thanked her and went away; Bland returned to the kitchen, and Dorothy to her chair by the hall stove and the society of two invalid dolls.

But, somehow, she could no longer interest herself in Janetta's influenza or Kitty's broken arm. She kept thinking of the poor lady at Hope Lodge who had lost her little girl, and who could not be comforted.

The maid had said that she did not eat or sleep. Did she lie awake every night, then, in the dark? Dorothy was afraid of the dark, and always shut her eyes tightly when Bland went down stairs with the candle, with the firm resolve not to open them until morning.

She wondered if Mrs. Tremaine refused such dainties as raspberry tart or pine apple jelly. Very likely she did; grown-up people had such strange ways.

"I wonder if I could do her good," mused Mistress Dorothy. "Father says I'm quite clever at doctoring people. I tied up Hughie Lane's finger when it was cut, and I pulled a splinter out of Fussy's paw. I think I'll go and see Mrs. Tremaine."

Dorothy rose and trotted upstairs for her walking things. She could dress herself, although she was only seven, for Mrs Bland and the housemaid were always too busy to pay much attention to her, and she had no regular nurse.

She put on her warm fur-trimmed coat, her crimson cap, and neat little gaiters. Then she took from a cupboard the pair of skates that had been father's Christmas present.

It was some distance to the Lodge by road, but now that the river was frozen over she could skate across, and reach her destination in a few minutes. Dorothy had become an expert little skater, for the winter had been very severe, and there was still no sign of the long frost breaking up.

"I'm going down to the river, Bland," she called down the kitchen stairs. "Hugh or Gertie Lane will go with me."

The Lanes were the doctor's next door neighbors, and Dorothy frequently went out with the two children, who were older than herself, and took great care of her.

So Bland made no objection, and Dorothy ran to the next house and rang the bell, only to be told that the children had already gone to the river. She therefore set off alone, and reached the bank in time to see Hughie Lane pulling off his skates.

"Hallo, Dolly Dimple!" was his greeting; "I was just going home. There aren't many on this afternoon, and Gertie's with the Lawsons, and I can't bear those girls; but I'll stay with you, if you like."

But Dorothy refused his kind offer. She was only going across, she told him, to a house on the other side. So Master Hugh contented himself with gallantly strapping on her skates, and the small, crimson-coated figure struck out for the opposite bank and reached it in a very short time.

A trim, white-capped maid opened the door of Hope Lodge at Dorothy's knock, and seemed surprised at the request to see Mrs. Tremaine. However, she went to make inquiries, and presently came back to say that her mistress would see the little girl.

Dorothy followed her upstairs, and into a large room that was very much grander than the drawing room at home. A pale lady in black was seated near the hearth and Dorothy timidly approached her.

"I'm Dr. Reade's little girl," she said, in her small treble voice. "Father was out when your servant came, so I thought I would come instead."

"Are you a doctor too, then?" asked the lady.

A flickering smile passed across her sad face.

"I can cure cut fingers and things. I mean to be a doctor when I'm big—or a nurse for sick people. May I take my coat off?" she continued, with a child's happy assurance that her presence must be welcome. "This room is warm, and I've been skating, so I'm quite hot."

Mrs. Tremaine gave permission, and Dorothy moved about the room admiring the many pretty ornaments, but touching nothing. Then she settled herself cosily on the rug and talked of her home and her toys.

"I'm sometimes lonely," she confessed. "Father's always out, Bland is busy, and dolls are not very good company. I often wish mother hadn't died when I was little."

Presently tea was brought in, and Dorothy rose to go, saying that Mrs. Bland would be expecting her.

"I should like you to stay, dear," said Mrs. Tremaine. "Can't we send a message to Mrs. Bland? and perhaps your father will call for you this evening."

So Dorothy stayed, and was feasted on cakes and fruit. But she was most attentive to her hostess, and so concerned at her lack of appetite, that Mrs. Tremaine made an effort to eat the toast that had been made for her, and to drink the tea into which Dorothy herself had put a liberal allowance of sugar and cream. Afterwards they sat together in the gloaming, and the child sang little nursery rhymes.

When Doctor Reade called for his little daughter, Mrs. Tremaine was able to talk to him almost cheerfully.

"Dorothy has done me more good than you could have done, doctor," she said. "Do let her come again."

"I think I must leave you in her hands," said the doctor, smiling.

And after that he began to call Dorothy his partner, and to allude to Mrs. Tremaine as her patient.

"Your patient does you credit, Dorothy," he said, one day in summer. "I must find out your prescription, and try it on some of my obstinate cases."

"I haven't done anything to Mrs. Tremaine but love her," said Dorothy gravely. "I'm sorry she's going away soon, but her husband in India wants her. She says he will be so glad to find her better."

And Colonel Tremaine must have been pleased, for a few months later a dainty gold watch arrived with his compliments, for "little Doctor Dorothy."

A WISE TEACHER.

BY EMILA.

"WHAT! weeping, Mistress Alice!"

The jester stood at the door of the garden pavilion, and looked upon the little maiden who lay sobbing on the stone bench within.

"Oh, Good Will Testy," she cried, as she heard his voice, and raised her tear-stained face, "I am so unhappy."

"What is the sorrow, little one?" asked the jester. "Can a poor fool understand it?"

"I know not if a poor fool can understand it," sighed the little maid, "but it is a very sore trouble." And again her eyes overflowed with tears.

"Is the task undone, and the tutor angry?" inquired Will Testy gently.

"Yes, the task is too difficult, and Master Gresham is harsh; he told me that if it were not learned in one hour's time he could not allow me to join in Patty's water party to-morrow—and oh! I cannot learn it."

"Ah, little mistress," sighed the jester, "if only I might always be your teacher."

At these words Mistress Alice sat upright, and laughed through her tears.

"You a teacher! Dear Will, a fool—a jester—cannot be a teacher."

The jester joined in the little maiden's laughter, and shook his merry-sounding bells.

"Sometimes a fool has succeeded where a wise man has failed," he answered lightly. "But come, little maiden," he continued, as he lifted the book and sat down on the bench beside her, "tell me of his hard task."

"Oh, it is of England, and her towns, and her cities, and her castles; it is very, very difficult."

"It is indeed," quoth Testy. "But come, show me the task. I am stupid over England's towns and castles. I should like to read somewhat more of them." And he fumbled with the pages.

"Not there, not there, stupid Will!" cried Mistress Alice. "Give the book to me, and I will find the page."

"Ah!" said the jester sadly as he looked, "that is just what I want to know; but, alas! I am no scholar, and reading comes hard to my eyes."

"I can read it!" exclaimed Mistress Alice. "Even Mr. Gresham says that I can read."

"Pray let me hear you, Mistress Alice."

So Mistress Alice rested the big book on her lap, and read the woeful task aloud.

"That is very fine," said the jester, slowly. "But my poor head is so shallow that before I reach the end I forget the beginning. Read it to me again, little mistress," he pleaded.

And the little maid, well pleased to hear the jester's praise, and to give him pleasure, read it again and again, and yet again.

"Do you not think that if we walked among the trees and flowers, I might better understand it?" asked poor Will.

"The garden shall be England, the trees her towns, the parterres, her castles."

And Mistress Alice readily agreed. So they strolled along the grass, the jester's bells playing a cheerful tinkle, the little maiden grasping the big book in her chubby hands, and reading as she went. And the jester asked many questions of her, and sometimes he was right, and sometimes wrong. And Mistress Alice laughed at his mistakes.

"And our own great London lies in the county of Northumberland, does it not?" he asked.

At which Mistress Alice broke into peals of laughter.

"Silly, silly Will! London lies in Middlesex. Indeed, I have read it to you so often that I know every word of it."

"Pooh!" cried the jester. "If I do not know it, how can you?"

"But I do," protested the little maiden.

"Ah, you laugh," he cried. "Let me now hold the book, and hear you answer my questions."

And Mistress Alice, all eager to prove her knowledge, gave up the book, and stood before him.

"I think when a little maid stands before me to prove her learning, she should hold her hands meekly crossed behind her back," said Will.

So Mistress Alice hastily crossed her hands, and challenged him to question her.

Question after question the jester asked the little maiden; and answer after answer she gave him. And then Will Testy laughed and shut the book.

"So, Mistress Alice," he cried, "you are free to join Patty's birthday party to-morrow."

"What mean you?" asked the little maid.

"I mean that a foolish jester may sometimes prove himself a better tutor than a wise man," quoth the jester, with a sly smile. "Let us go and tell Master Gresham that the trouble is over."

"But—but," stammered Mistress Alice, "I have not learnt it; it was you who were learning."

"Nay, nay, little maid; it was you who were learning, and I who was teaching. That is a jester's way of playing tutor."

Mistress Alice's eyes grew brighter and brighter, but she could scarcely believe that the difficult task was really over.

"But I have not said it," she murmured, as she looked at Will Testy's laughing face.

"Did you not stand before me, a most proper little scholar, and answer all my questions?" asked the jester.

And then Mistress Alice sprang forward and kissed her teacher's kindly cheek.

"Dear good Will," she cried, "I would that all tutors were wise as you."

WHERE the lines of thought are in totally different directions there can be no mutual understanding. Where passionate enthusiasm meets cold indifference, or where a kindly and sympathetic nature encounters a hard and cruel one, friendly intimacy is not likely to thrive.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Africa has seven hundred languages.

The average gas jet consumes five feet of gas per hour.

Ninety-eight miles an hour has been registered in a balloon.

Nearly 1,000 children are born yearly in London workhouses.

Neighbor was originally "nigh boor" or the nearest residing farmer.

Acid dropped on the clothing can be neutralized by the use of ammonia.

Dyeing is attributed to the Tyrians. Tyrian purple was discovered B. C. 1500.

The farmer in Japan who has ten acres of land is looked upon as a monopolist.

According to Ovid, the white anemone sprang from the tears Venus shed for Adonis.

A lifeboat, constructed of aluminium, has just been finished at Stralsund, in Pomerania.

Thirty barrels of incense were burned during a three days' ceremonial in Siam a short time back.

In Japan there are apple trees growing four inches in height, which bear fruit freely about the size of currants.

The tiger's strength exceeds that of the lion. Five men can easily hold down a lion; but nine are required to hold a tiger.

A cab, shaped like a bath tub, in which the passengers either sit or recline as if in bed, is in use in Berlin. It has three wheels, and is propelled by a naphtha motor.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions, the smell will be entirely removed; or onions may be peeled under water without offence to eyes or hands.

American horses have invaded the English markets. As many as 10,000 were sold last year in London alone, where they are used for the omnibuses, street cars and cabs.

"Hardtack" is doomed in the French navy. The Minister of Marine not very long back issued orders that soft bread baked on board was henceforth to be served out to the sailors instead of ship's biscuit.

Until forty years ago it was customary among the Japanese to practise vaccination on the tip of the nose, thus making written certificates unnecessary. The proof of vaccination was thus always evident.

We owe the invention of visiting cards to the Chinese. They were first used during the Tang dynasty (618—907). The present Chinese visiting card is large enough to fold twice, and is bright red in color.

A German coin collector says that coins with misprints are highly prized by numismatists. One Saxon thaler of the year 1858, which has "Thaelr" on it, is now worth six times its intrinsic value, owing to that error.

Life insurance experts asserts that a woman who is in good health at the age of forty-five is likely to outlive a man of the same age, because she is, as a rule, more temperate in habits, and is less liable to accidents.

A very excellent arrangement exists in New York by which policemen in uniform and the public generally are permitted to use the telephone pay stations free of charge to call an ambulance or a physician in case of street accident.

The Chicago Tract Society distributes tracts written in French, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Lithuanian, Italian, Spanish, Welsh, Greek, Hebrew, Chinese and Arabic, and finds eager readers for them all.

The total number of Southern cotton mills last year was 485. Of these 18 have been "crossed out" and merged into other concerns, and three were burned, reducing the number to 464. To this number, however, 55 new mills were added during the year, making the total now 475.

It is said that the health of the brunette type of eye is, as a rule, superior to that of a blonde type. Black eyes usually indicate good powers of physical endurance. Dark blue eyes are most common in persons of delicate, refined or effeminate natures and generally show weak health.

Hissing is not invariably an expression of dislike. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud an orator in their assemblies by hissing at him, and the Japanese show their reverence by a hiss.

Beryllium is worth about ten times its weight in pure gold, and vanadium is five times as costly as the precious metal. Iridium, also, is more than twice as costly as gold. The text books used to say that platinum was the only metal more valuable than gold, but it now costs about the same.

There is a town in Georgia which will have negro inhabitants exclusively. The promoters of the scheme have bought 2000 acres, and intend to purchase 40,000 acres in all. Two hundred families, representing 1000 people, have enlisted as colonists, and the work of building houses on the town site will be pushed rapidly.

BESIDE THE STREAM.

BY W. W. LONG.

She walked beside the quiet stream,
The light of love was in her face;
The laugh of love was on her lips,
And by her side love walked apace.

The world has never touched her life,
She knows naught of its hate or pride;
This woman, very fair and sweet,
Whose ruler is love's guard and guide.

UNDER THE CZAR.

It is difficult for people in America, where the opinions of the newspapers are the last things the people would have restricted, to imagine a press conducted and controlled by Government. Yet this state of things practically exist in the country whose Czar is visiting abroad to-day.

Here it is open to anyone to publish a newspaper. In Russia permission must be first obtained, and this is not granted to all who care to apply. The candidate for this privilege must first curry favor with the Government—that is to say, with the Minister of the Interior and other officials, and, in country places especially, with the Governor of the province or with the Governor-General, where such an official holds away Then he must possess his soul in patience. Sometimes three, four or more years may pass away before the right to start any new periodical is recognized, and even then the publisher cannot transfer his rights to another without official permission.

Thus the publication becomes a special privilege, and the monopoly is of some special value in St. Petersburg and Moscow, for in those cities the publisher has to deposit a guarantee of 5,000 rubles (about $2,500). This deposit is required for a "superior" privilege, which the press in the capitals enjoys over and above that of the provincial press. This privilege does not, as a general rule, amount to much. It may, indeed, be likened to the right of a Turkish Pasha to be hanged by a silken cord instead of a hempen rope. In the provinces the editor is obliged to submit the manuscripts to the censor before they can be printed. In the capitals the newspaper must be submitted in printed form not later than 11 P. M. on the day before its appearance. Thus Russian dailies are unable to publish telegrams and news which arrives too late to be set up by the hour named.

But obtaining permission to establish a newspaper is only the first step which the proprietor has to take. The periodical must have an editor, and in respect to this functionary a further permission is required. It has occurred over and over again that a whole list of candidates for an editorship has failed to receive official sanction, and this refusal need not necessarily be accompanied by an explanation. One need not, therefore, be surprised that many editors serve no other function than to lend their name with the object of satisfying the officials. Even after the permission to publish is granted, and the editor officially sanctioned, the real trouble then begins.

By everybody and on all sides the provincial paper is bullied and harassed. Certainly, it dare not offend any official, from the highest to the lowest. A few months ago, for instance, there was published in the official "Turkestanskya Vedomosti" a document which, had it appeared in an American paper, would pass for a huge joke. It was a copy of a complaint made by an official to his chief to the effect that an editor had dared to print an article "On the possibility of exterminating black beetles in the city." The complaint read as follows: "As there appeared in the local paper an article about the extermination of black beetles in the city, which thus implies the possibility of improvements in the district intrusted to me, and is thereby prejudicial to my authority in the eyes of the inhabitants, I regard it as advisable to order that any article concerning my district shall first be sent to me for examination and correction."

In so humiliating a position as that exemplified by this complaint there is surely no other press in the world, not excepting even Turkey.

The metropolitan press, however, is less subject to official tyranny. It can quite freely discuss questions relating to the extermination of black beetles, not because there is nobody to prohibit the offence, but because the authority of the officials in the capitals does not largely depend upon the number of black beetles in St. Petersburg or Moscow. When, however, any city official considers his authority really menaced by the metropolitan press, the latter is in no less deplorable a state than the provincial. When a Minister considers it desirable to exclude a particular question from public discussion, he unceremoniously sends round to the editors a circular to this effect, and any editor who neglects to comply with the circular is liable to be punished.

According to law, the Minister is allowed to issue secret circulars only upon matters of "great State importance," but in practice anything which may offend the dignity of the Minister or his friends may be pronounced to be of "great State importance."

An incident in the private life of a man who lost a large sum at card-playing with a highly exalted personage, a railway catastrophe, a quarrel at a meeting of the nobility, the fraud of a banker, have all proved to be matters of "great State importance."

A candidate for the Mayoralty, who was afraid of criticism in the press, once obtained an order from the Minister of the Interior which had the effect of preventing the appearance of any article whatever about the election.

Directors of joint stock companies who have ruined their share-holders have succeeded in obtaining orders to guarantee them exemption from public discussion in matters pertaining to their companies, while at the same time they have been allowed to continue the publication of advertisements, reclaims, and balance sheets intended to delude the public.

All the circulars sent out cannot here be recounted; they are only sent to the editors to be read, and then have to be returned. But these orders, never being revoked, they accumulate from year to year, and the unfortunate editor, losing his way in the labyrinth of prohibitions, leads a life of constant anxiety and danger. It is fortunate, however, that every evil contains its own remedy.

The Minister's office is not of long duration; one goes and another comes, and with each change comes an alteration of policy. The unallowable of yesterday becomes the allowable of to-day; the unprohibited of yesterday becomes the prohibited of to-day. So that the editor, however subservient he may be, must, sooner or later, come into conflict with the authorities. Such is the uncertain and chaotic position of the Russian press, that even the official papers sometimes bring down the wrath of the Government upon their heads.

Grains of Gold.

Every man who has great faith, has great power for good.

Nobody works harder and gets less for it than the hypocrite.

God sees heroes where men see only the commonest kind of people.

A man may wear religion as a cloak, and yet freeze his soul to death.

Man's blindest eye is on the side where he thinks it will pay to sin.

We know exactly what kind of a man Adam was, when we become well acquainted with ourselves.

Nothing is more inconsistent, than for the preacher to preach more truth than he is willing to practice.

One of the peculiar things about heredity is that bad qualities descend with more directness and strength than good ones.

Femininities.

If a girl is not pretty she can easily make up for it.

Ever since Eve ate the apple, one of woman's greatest troubles has been about something to wear.

A little guest is expected to arrive at Blenheim Palace about Christmas. It is possible that it may become a Duke of Marlborough.

"When an important step has to be taken," said a certain Mme. Blanchecotte, "a man says, 'What shall I say?'—a woman, 'What shall I put on?'"

A law has been approved in Saxe-Coburg Gotha fining the father of a lad below the age of eighteen, or a girl less than fifteen years old, who goes to a ball, the sum of 130 marks.

The young women of Germany have a superstition that, if they bury a drop of their blood under a rose-bush, it will ever afterward ensure the experimenter a pair of rosy cheeks.

"Dorothy says she was disappointed in England."

"Why was that?"

"Things didn't look so English as she thought they would."

A woman of Florence, Mo., recently threatened her drunken husband that she would go with him and get drunk every time he did. She stuck to her word once, and her husband has not touched a drop since.

Arabian women, who have to go into mourning, always stain their hands and feet with indigo for eight days, and during that time they will drink no milk, on the ground that its white hue does not harmonize with their mental gloom.

One of the first acts of the Japanese Parliament was to rescind the regulation prohibiting the presence of ladies at debates, and another was the rescinding of the regulation which forbade the attendance of members in Japanese dress.

A number of well-known Copenhagen ladies of literary and social distinction, have formed a society against the using of stuffed birds for ornaments in bonnets, etc. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has promised its co-operation.

Newnham College, England, is joining hands with Girton in its efforts to obtain the degree of Cambridge University for duly qualified women. A petition will shortly be circulated for signature among former students of the Newnham and Girton College.

The Swedish Ladies' Society for the Protection of Animals had, recently, arranged a meeting in Stockholm, where a large number of cooks were present, who were enlightened by a lecture as to the least cruel manner to handle live animals, poultry, fish, etc., in the kitchen.

"But," said the magistrate to a woman in the witness-box in a French court, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

At a double wedding in Paris, Texas, recently, B. L. Tabb married Miss Emma Evans and Frank Evans married Miss Bettie Tabb. Evans and Tabb were both widowers, about 40 years old and each has a daughter 18 years of age. Tabb was married to Evans' daughter and Evans to Tabb's daughter. The young ladies had to obtain the consent of their parents, but there was no trouble on that score, as each of the fathers cheerfully gave it. By these marriages Evans and Tabb become each other's son-in-law.

She: It cannot be; I am not worthy of you!

He: Nonsense!

She: It is true—too true!

He: Impossible! You are an angel!

She: No, no—you are wrong. I am an idle silly girl, utterly unfit to be your companion through life.

He: This is madness! What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?

She: A careful, calculating, practical woman who can live on your small salary.

It has become a fad whenever a hostess is indisposed, or for any reason does not care to go to church, for her to have divine service carried on in her own drawing-room. The guests of the house and a very few outside friends who are in the immediate neighborhood are invited to attend. The whole affair is conducted with great quiet, and at the close of the services the women go quietly home without stopping for a word of gossip or for lunch. Special gowns are made for these at-home services.

Lady Henry Somerset, assisted by Mrs. Ormiston Chant, proposes to establish a school in England for the instruction of women in public speaking. The course of instruction includes: "The necessary preparation for public speaking; the choice of subjects; the best attitude of mind of the speaker toward her work; the management of the voice, gestures, dress, hygienic rules to be observed, the necessary tact, how to cooperate with other speakers, how to meet any emergencies that may arise, length of speeches, etc."

Masculinities.

Justice O'Halloran: Have you any children, Mrs. Kelly?

Mrs. Kelly: I have two livin' an' wan married.

Itinerant street musicians are not allowed to reside in St. Petersburg, and foreigners of this class are prohibited from entering the empire.

This inscription appears over the grave of a Wisconsin cemetery; it was written by her husband—"Tears cannot restore thee, therefore I weep."

It has been freely asserted—and we fear not without some foundation—that the frequency of suicide has remarkedly increased with our advance in civilization.

Wife: What dress would you advise me to wear to the musicale?

Husband: Well, I think an accordion skirt, with a brass band around the waist, and piped sleeves might fit the occasion!

Stella Groehowena, a 13-year-old Chicago girl, has been sent to prison for eleven days for picking up coal that had fallen from the cars in one of the railroad yards. Stella exhibited no symptoms of kleptomania.

Willy: Hoo is 't that ye gi'e the wife a chance o' bein' me often up in arms at ye wi' the tongue?

John: She's never happier than when findin' fau't, an' I jist like to please her.

"John," called his wife, are you putting the baby to sleep?"

The pugilist laughed bitterly in the darkness.

"I've got him against the ropes," he answered.

A Hamburg chemist claims to render petroleum non explosive by the addition of a small quantity of a mixture of bicarbonate of sodium with aniline, sulphate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, chloride of sodium, sal ammoniac and water.

It is a curious fact that of the various Royal personages depicted in the picture of "The Jubilee Celebration in Westminster Abbey, 1887," nine princes have since died, while all the princesses are not only living, but are in good health.

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

"Well," said the young man, standing first on one foot and then on the other, "I suppose I'll have to be if I marry Mamie."

One of the richest men in Mexico is Maximilian Damm, a German. Years ago he made a trip to the Fatherland, and while there took what was supposed to be a worthless silver mine for a bad debt. From this mine, El Fromontano, he now derives a yearly income of about $700,000.

The initials "O. K." were first used by Jacob Astor, the founder of the family of millionaires, and were thus marked on bills that were presented to him for approval of credit. He thought he was affixing the initials of "All Correct," but a neglected education led him to think of the words as "Oll Korrect."

"I am not a sticker for any ridiculous dignity on the part of a physician," said the solemn-looking man, "and I think he has as much right to ride a wheel as any one else; but when he gets the mania so bad that he takes to calling his instrument case his 'repair kit,' as mine did, I think it is time to hunt up a more conservative man."

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles, in Cheyne row, was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. "My certes, this is fine," cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. "Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser."

A Russian physician has made a series of elaborate experiments to test the old time notion that fluids taken with food weaken the action of the gastric juice. He finds that "to take fluids with the meals is almost as important an adjunct to digestion as is the mastication of solid food preparatory to swallowing it," but that, as at other times, there is a limit to the amount of fluid one can swallow with impunity and comfort.

According to experiments with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again towards evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. The chief foes of muscular force are overwork and idleness.

The advice of an able English physician to an attendant upon a sick relative, where it was required to sit up nights, was not to let the feet rest on the floor, but to place them in another chair. In this way, he said, the circulation proceeded more freely, the blood returning from the feet with less effort, and, moreover, the feet of the watcher were in a warmer stratum of air than if resting on the floor. These are matters of considerable consequence when one is debilitated by protracted vigils.

Latest Fashion Phases.

It is a day of inventions, where woman's comfort are concerned, and the latest proof of it is the winter shirtwaist.

It scarcely seemed possible that anything so wholly satisfying as the summer waist should be cast aside for at least six months of the year, but a good many seasons went by before the summer girl seemed to think about the winter shirtwaist.

However, it is here at last, and its enthusiastic welcome shows how much it was needed. It is made in flannel, usually has simply a band at neck and sleeves for the adjustment of stiff collar and cuffs, is loosely comfortable, like its cooler sister, and has a belt of leather, kid or whatever may suit the fancy.

And when is it worn? Ah, when not?

First of all, it is delightfully chic for the bicycle; then it is just the thing to wear under one's coat when shopping; it is par excellence the most fitting costume about the house when full toilettes are not required, and, above all, it is so easy to slip on and off, and its sleeves (rather small) slide so snugly into coats that every woman who owns one is wondering how in the world she ever lived without it.

All colors are admissible, reds, blues, pinks, nile greens, fawns, anything that combines prettily with the wearer's complexion, and some are not restricted to flannel, but are woolen, and even silk, but those that really take the place of the linen or muslin shirtwaist make no pretentions to anything more than neatness and comfort.

The prices as yet are high for mere comfort, but the waists are new, and newness always counts. Five dollars is the lowest sum that will buy the simplest among them, and those more elaborate are $7 50 and even $10; but they are here, and that is enough.

The ingenuity of those who covet them will do the rest, and those who sigh to see the summer girl come out in her tailor-made gown may live in hopes that before long she will reappear if something more charming than ever.

Every eye is caught by a charming little hat bent in poke shape in front and turned up under a ribbon bow in the back. It is trimmed with an artistic arrangement of ostrich plumes, velvet ribbon and a full-blown rose.

A large stylish chapeau of cadet blue felt now has a crown of pleated orange chenille. At the back, on the upturned brim, is a large bow of blue velvet, and in the front are massed rich black plumes, with a graceful aigrette in the centre.

A pretty hat for a young lady is of black velvet in medium size. At the centre of the front is a white bird, and spreading above and beyond the crown at each side of the bird are bows of pleated white malines.

Rosettes of yellowish chiffon are massed compactly at the front of a handsome carriage hat of violet velvet. The brim is rolled gracefully and at each side of the centre is a bird of paradise aigrette.

At the left of a becoming sailor shape in dark blue fancy braid is a mass of black coque feathers. About the crown is a ruche of blue taffeta ribbon edged with black velvet, and an upright bow of the same finishes the trimming at the right.

Very unique is a gay velvet hat that is slightly poked at the centre of the front and made to flare upward at the sides. Two gray plumes stand up in front and are supplemented by a fancy buckle and black aigrette. A profusion of plumes droops over the brim at each side.

Fawn velvet, shirred over cords like the convolutions of a shell, forms a striking and effective toque. On the left are soft loops of velvet with a bright green paradise aigrette.

The "Reynold" is a large velvet hat with a high crown, surrounded by jet sequins and with five or six plumes at the left for garniture.

Russian turbans of velvet, with fancy braid are popular for the street, and are generally trimmed with steel ornaments, flowers and coque feathers.

Curious quillings are seen on various imported and domestic models. Large hats continue to be trimmed with ostrich feathers and big velvet bows in conjunction with paradise aigrettes.

Buttons are at present one of the most important details of the toilet. They are worn on coats, capes, wraps, sacks, bodices and even skirts. No expense is spared to make them effective and beautiful. Designs of the Louis Seize period are carefully imitated, and are genuine works of art.

There are miniatures, enamels, combinations of gold and silver, incrustations of steel on pearl and ivory, artificial jewels of all kinds in all varieties of settings. Buttons of this costly kind are a charming finish for vest or corselet and give a fashionable effect to the entire costume.

It is difficult to describe all the forms which the ubiquitous bolero assumes. Most often it is square, and fitted at the back like a bodice, showing the belt only occasionally as the wearer moves. Its other names are figaro, Spanish jacket, oriental or Circassian vest, but in all cases it is practically the same abbreviated, close garment. The largest—that is, those reaching to the waist line—are of cloth, velvet or woolen material, like the gown.

They are trimmed with soutache, motifs of velvet and lace and perhaps revers or a collar of fur. The short bolero, terminating far above the belt, is made entirely of fur, of embroidered cloth or of velvet entirely covered with ornamentation. Its cut must be perfect, for it must fit like a cuirass in order to have a good effect, and a wrinkle spoils it. These boleros are worn with light bodices or chemisettes, but the costume is more elegant when the bolero and the gown are of the same color, although they need not be of the same material.

Princess costume of gray corkscrew. The front forms a plastron and is cut in one with the tabs that form the sleeve caps. The plastron and sleeve caps are outlined with black silk cord and bordered with a double ruffle of black mousseline de soie. The turned over points of the collar are of black satin, as are the cuffs of the close gray sleeves. The gray felt hat is trimmed with mauve velvet and white and black plumes.

A pretty silk and wool costume. The skirt is of old red wool goods, entirely plain. The bodice, of silk of the same color, is gathered on a yoke of black velvet under three ruffles of silk edged with white lace. The close silk sleeves have caps composed of two wide ruffles edged with lace. The folded collar and belt are of red silk. A black felt hat trimmed with black plumes and red ribbon accompanies the gown.

Blouse bodices, in the former sense of the word, are no longer worn. The bodice which carries off the honors of the season is that of which the bolero forms a conspicuous part. The short bolero, coming down just over the bosom, is worn as a portion of the gown and may be of velvet incrusted with lace or beaded ornaments of silk covered with applications or of goods like the rest of the costume. There are boleros that are open in front, others that close with three or four decorative buttons and have a high, flowing collar, and still others that cross on the bosom and fasten at one side. So little material is required for one of these little garments that there will almost always be found among the left over pieces of a gown fragments large enough to make one, which will serve to rejuvenate the costume.

Wide belts and corselets of surah, taffeta, faille or soft velvet are as much in vogue as the bolero and very often accompany it. The goods must always be employed obliquely—that is, cut on the exact bias, which allows it to stretch to the figure. Both edges are hemmed, and a piece of whalebone of the proper length is placed at each end where the belt fastens. If it closes at the back, it is tacked to the bodice in front at the top, bottom and in the middle with invisible stitches to hold it in place. If it closes in front, it is similarly tacked behind. If it accompanies a bolero, it should be wide enough to meet the lower edge of the latter, otherwise it may vary according to the taste and figure of the wearer. A short waisted woman should choose it comparatively narrow and let it extend a little below the waist line, while a long waisted person may wear it much wider or let it stop exactly at the waist.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Black silks or satin may be wonderfully revived by sponging with potato water and ironing on the wrong side when slightly damp. The potato water is made by soaking the peel not the potato or some hours.

If the new leather on soles of boots is well soaked for three days before use, in linseed oil to which a few drops of castor oil is added and then allowed to stand for a few days to dry, it will last nearly twice as long as usual.

Poisonous liniments and liquids should be kept in bottles with a rough surface outside, so that they can be known at once by the touch. Attention to this simple rule may be the means of preventing serious accidents. They should also not be kept near other bottles.

Fresh lard will remove tar from the skin.

A clothes line which has been boiled will not twist as a new rope is apt to do.

The seat on the left side of an omnibus is always more resting than that on the right side, as it slopes towards the curb-stone.

Sewing silks are often prepared with a solution of lead, which is highly injurious to the health. Care should, therefore, be taken never to bite the threads when working with sewing silk.

Alum-water will restore almost all faded colors. Brush the faded stuff thoroughly free from dust, rinse with a little soap, clear water, and then alum water, and the colors will be much brightened.

Eggs stains can be taken out of silver by rubbing with a wet rag dipped in salt.

A heavy meal should never be taken when the body is greatly fatigued. The digestive organs are as weary as the body, and are not ready to undertake an excess of work.

A large onion peeled and cut across the top, then placed in a pail of water in the centre of the room with the door shut, will remove all smell of fresh paint in a very short time.

Fat which is to be kept should be cut up small and boiled in a saucepan in a little water and never put into the oven to melt. If it has to be done in the oven, the door should be left open.

Bread or potato should never be put in the mouth at the same time as fish, especially by children, or it will be difficult to detect bones in the fish and they may be swallowed by mistake.

The largest quantity of fluid that is required by an adult person, unless under exceptional circumstances, is two pints in the twenty-four hours. The majority of persons take too much fluid and thus weaken the digestion.

For all workers the clothing should be loosely fitting on the body, and of a material that admits of free transpiration from the skin. Thick close material is very objectionable as checking evaporation and retaining moisture from the body, and the habitual use of waterproof material is very injurious.

Neither the soap, tooth, nor nail brushes should ever be covered over on the wash-stand. The brushes get soft, and smell disagreeable if covered over; they are better placed in one of the upright iron stands made for the purpose, or lying bristles downwards wherever they are put. Sponges also should never be covered and should occasionally be rinsed in strong soda water or ammonia and water to extract any grease that may be in them.

For washing cretonnes, chintzes and art muslins, ammonia is invaluable. A teaspoonful to every gallon of water in which they are washed and a handful of salt in the rinsing water will restore the colors and prevent any running. Blankets will be the better for a little ammonia in the tub, and it will lighten the labor of all washing.

When uncorking a bottle, be sure to grasp the neck with a cloth in your hand, so that if the glass cracks or breaks it will not cut your hand.

Cauliflowers should always be boiled in two waters, first in one and then another. This removes the strong and rank flavor. All green vegetables should be boiled with the lid of the saucepan off. The water in which they have been boiled should at once be poured away in the garden on the earth, and not down any sink or drain but if there is no available garden, pour it into a pail and cover it over till cool and it can then be poured down a drain. If this is not done, the smell is most offensive, as we all know.

Veal Broth.—Take a knuckle of veal costing 15 cents and put it in a saucepan with a closely-fitting cover. Add three pints of cold water and a spoonful of salt and set it where it will boil very gently three hours before dinner. After two hours add a small onion, two tablespoonfuls of rice and a stalk of celery or a little celery seed, and pepper to suit the taste. Remove the meat before serving, but leave the rice. This is a simple and delicious soup.

Quince Butter.—Pare and core the fruit and mince it very fine; cover with water and cook until tender. At the same time, in another kettle, simmer the cores and skins in sufficient water to keep them from burning. Strain off the liquid resulting from the boiling and add it to the quince pulp, with one-half of a pound of sugar for each pound of suet. Boil the whole, stirring continually, until it is smooth and of a firm consistency. Then put in jars, cover close and keep in a dry place.

Devilled Ham Loaf.—Take two spoonfuls of cracker or bread crumbs, a quarter of a pound of devilled ham, two cups of milk, using a portion to moisten the ham. Stir in two eggs, add salt to taste, put into a buttered bread pan and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Serve cold, cut in thin slices and garnish with parsley.

Soft Sauce.—To make a good soft sauce, cream together a teacupful of pulverized sugar and a half cupful of fresh butter, add a well-beaten egg and the juice and grated peel of a lemon. Have ready in a double saucepan some boiling water which has been thickened with a scant teaspoonful of cornstarch; when thoroughly boiled add to this your other ingredients, and stir slowly until the sauce is very hot. Add a little grated nutmeg and it will be ready to serve.

Milk Lemonade.—Milk lemonade is a favorite English drink. Two dozen fresh lemons are peeled as thin as possible, first rubbing lumps of sugar over the skin to absorb the essence. Put a half dozen of the rinds into three quarts of hot but not boiling water, and let it stand until cool, then strain. Squeeze the juice from the lemons; add to the water from the rinds, together with a pound and a half of sugar. Add again three quarts of boiling milk, mix well and strain through a cloth bag. Let it stand a day before using.

Succotash.—One dozen ears green corn, one pint shelled Lima beans, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper. Cut the corn from the cob, scoring through each row if the corn be large. Scrape lightly with the back of the knife, and put beans and cobs on to boil before dinner, with not quite a quart of water. Twenty minutes before serving remove the cobs and part of the water. Add the cut corn and boil very gently that it may not burn. Add the butter, pepper and salt and dish. The water should be evaporated by the time the corn is done.

Quince and Apple Preserves.—Make a syrup by boiling the cores and parings in water, using just enough to cover them. Pare, core and quarter the apples, put the quinces in the syrup after it has been strained. Take the quinces out after simmering for a short time, drop in the apples, and let them boil for an hour and a half, or until the mixture looks clear and red. Put the apples and quinces in a jar in alternate layers, pour over them the boiling syrup and seal.

STATUES.—To the uninitiated it is always a puzzle to know how a bronze or marble statue is made. The natural impression is that the sculptor, armed with mallet and chisel, chips his conception from a huge block of stone after modelling it in clay.

Such was the method of Michael Angelo, but to-day another manner prevails. The sculptor having modelled his figure most carefully, a plaster cast is taken. In the meantime, skilled mechanics have prepared a block of marble.

The plaster cast is placed beside this block and used as a model, the stone-cutters copying point by point, measuring the cast with square, rule, and callipers.

The cutting goes on until a general outline of the statue is attained, when a skilled artisan, specially trained, takes it in hand, making a most faithful copy of the model under the sculptor's personal superintendence and direction.

When his work is completed, it only remains for the artist to give the finishing touches, a line here, an indentation there, bringing the statue into nearer realization with his conception.

Do not be above your business, no matter what that business may be, but strive to be the best in your line. He who turns up his nose at his work quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks. There is no shame about any honest calling. Do not be afraid of soiling your hands; there is plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to traders. Beware only of one thing—laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed in it; and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

A Little Mistake.

BY W. S.

IT is well known that in legal matters lawyers often commit the most egregious blunders, and at least three Judges and one Lord Chancellor have had their wills disputed.

Only recently an eminent Q. C., an ornament of the Chancery Bar, left a will so very abstruse in its construction that his family, all being on the most friendly terms, called in three of his late confreres to determine how the provisions of the will should be carried out. Their decision in the matter is worthy of being transcribed:

(Private and Confidential.)

"LONDON, 15th March 189—.

"DEAR MRS. ———, We regret that, after considerable deliberation, we are quite unable to arrive at a conclusion as to the manner our late friend wished to bequeath his estate, and can only suggest that probate be paid according to the demands of the Legacy and Succession Duty Department, and that the estate be then apportioned by you in the manner in which you believe your late husband desired; taking for your guide in the matter his various conversations with you on the subject, and altogether ignoring the provisions of the will. With kind regards yours sincerely,

(Signed) { A. B. C.

A striking example of the proverb, "A man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client!" That doctors commit mistakes as well as lawyers is not so generally known, although cases from time to time find their way into the newspapers. Dr. Carpenter, who may be said to have introduced the scientific study of human physiology into England, burnt himself to death, while attempting to take a Turkish bath in his own room by enveloping himself in a blanket and sitting over a spirit-lamp.

However, when a man poisons himself, it is his own peculiar business which is involved; but when he takes to poisoning others, not with any malicious intent, but simply in error, a natural apprehension may well pervade the public mind. Protection in the matter is extremely simple, as the following narrative will show.

About eight o'clock on a June evening a victoria, drawn by a pair of high-stepping bay horses, drove up to a celebrated chemist's shop in Bond Street, and an elegantly dressed lady of about twenty-five years of age descended from the carriage.

She walked hurriedly through the shop into the dispensing department, and throwing a piece of paper on the counter, said:

"Please make up this prescription and send it at once. I would wait and take it myself but I am just going out to dinner; it is very important."

The assistant bowed, took up the prescription, and then seemed to hesitate.

"Well," said the lady, who seemed of a highly nervous, irritable disposition, "well, what is the matter?"

"I am afraid, madam," returned the assistant, "that I cannot dispense this prescription."

"Oh, nonsense," replied the lady; "that is what they said at —— in Mayfair, so I brought it on here. I suppose Dr. Blank knows what he prescribes."

"Doubtless, madam; but although Dr. Blank is one of the most eminent of his profession, I dare not make up this prescription, as the strength at which the drug is here ordered is not allowed by the British Pharmacopœia."

"Oh, nonsense," repeated the lady, commencing to patter on the floor with her small foot: "this is monstrous. Here is my husband waiting for medicine of the utmost importance to his condition, and two chemists' assistants think they know better what is good for him than one of the leading men of the College of Physicians. Give me the prescription, and I will get it prepared elsewhere."

The assistant was loath to part with the paper.

"If you will allow me, madame," he said, "I will take a cab to Dr. Bland's, and if he confirms the prescription, I will then prepare it."

"No, I will not," returned the lady, who was now in a state of extreme irritation, "I will not; my husband is in a serious condition, and I shall be late for dinner. I have already lost half an hour, and I cannot have further delay." With that she snatched up the prescription and hurried out.

The assistant was seriously perturbed. The mistake in the prescription was a serious one, so grave indeed that the administration of a single dose would probably prove fatal within two hours.

It was possible that some young or inexperienced assistant of some small chemist, overawed by the great name of the physician, and by the lady's imperious manner and elegant attire and equipage, would be found to dispense it. Then trouble would ensue, which might be stopped now.

Thinking thus, the assistant told his fellow-worker in the dispensary that he would go to Dr. Blank's, and hurrying into Bond Street, jumped into the first passing hansom, and in five minutes was ringing the bell of the doctor's house in Harley street. The footman who opened the door said Dr. Blank was out.

"Where was he?"

Really the footman did not know. "Very important was it?"

Ah! well, then, he (the footman) must inquire. This he leisurely proceeded to do, and the chemist's assistant, who was of an imaginative turn, amused himself by picturing meanwhile the death of the patient, the professional ruin of himself, the Mayfair chemist, and the great physician, the grief and self reproach of the lady, who, despite her wayward, irritable and careless demeanor, was evidently fond of her husband; and he had already arrived at the coroner's jury's verdict of manslaughter, when the footman returned with the intelligence that his master was dining in Maida Vale.

The cab soon whirled the errant knight of the pestle and mortar into the Edgeware Road, and drew up at one of the large houses which lie on the right hand side of the Maida Vale, immediately after passing the Canal.

Dinner was evidently in full progress, and the footman showed the assistant into an ante-room with no very good grace.

Here another wait occurred, which preyed on the already irritated nerves of our friend, even more than the previous one at Harley Street. At last the door opened and the doctor entered. He was a dapper little man, about five feet five in height, with a pale thin face, and hair and moustache the color of tow. His clear, steel-blue gray eyes saved his appearance from being insignificant. He looked inquiringly at the assistant, who, bowing, said:

"I am a dispenser, sir, at Messrs. ——. At about eight o'clock this evening a lady, Mrs. ——, presented a prescription, signed by you, in which Potassi Arsenios was ordered in three drachm doses."

"Good God!" cried the physician; "is it possible?"

"There can be no doubt of it," replied the assistant, "as the prescription was refused by another chemist."

The doctor walked hurriedly up and down the room.

"Can it have been altered?" he muttered.

"I looked carefully for that, but there was not the slightest sign of an erasure. No, sir," continued the assistant; "I am afraid it is a little mistake on your part. I only fear that it may be made up and administered, and therefore went at once to your house, and learning where you were, came on here."

"Quite right, quite right," said the doctor; "have you a cab waiting? That's well. I'll go with you at once to the patient."

It took but a few minutes for the doctor to make his excuses, and return ready for departure, and the cab once more in motion, turned towards the neighborhood of Eaton Square. The house at which it now pulled up betokened far greater wealth than either of the other two at which it had stopped since chartered in Bond street; but an air of quietude, peculiar to residences in which lie invalids in very critical condition, pervaded the place. The street door was opened noiselessly by a footman before the occupants of the cab were fairly on the doorstep, and the doctor was shown into a room on the ground floor which answered the purpose of a library as much as such rooms usually do in London houses.

"Send me Nurse Moore," said the doctor.

"Nurse Moore is out for exercise," replied the footman. "Nurse Norris is on duty, I happen to know, for she took the new medicine which I carried up not five minutes ago."

Dr. Blank was a little man, and little men are usually quick in their motion; but never did man, little or big, fly up the stairs at the same rate as he did before the last words were out of the footman's mouth.

The assistant followed, but had only reached the first floor when the doctor entered the bed room on the second. Nurse Norris was standing by the bed measuring a dose of medicine from a bottle.

She was a tall, dark young woman of twenty-five, very pleasant looking, and apparently pursuing her vocation with care, as she did not even look up when the doctor entered.

"None of that, nurse!" exclaimed the doctor.

"I beg pardon, sir?" said the nurse, now aroused to the sense of some incongruity in the physician's manner, which became intensified when a strange young man, very much out of breath, almost fell into the room from the passage.

"I should say how is the patient? A very warm night, and likely to render him uncomfortable," continued the doctor, with his soul in his eyes, and his eyes on the bottle.

"I think I am a little better, doctor," said a weak voice from the bed, on which lay a man of about thirty with the peculiarly emaciated and drawn look which invariably follows a prolonged or very severe illness, "a little easier."

"That's right," said the doctor, feeling the invalid's pulse, "that's right; yes, a marked improvement."

Then, having completed a rather lengthy examination, he turned to the nurse.

"A decided improvement, nurse; for to-night we will discontinue all drugs; give nothing except his usual nourishment until I come again. Dr. W—— will return to-morrow, and when we have a local practitioner once more in attendance you will take your instructions from him; in the meantime give no medicine. Indeed I will take it with me."

And without noticing the hurt and resentful look of the nurse, the doctor pounced on the bottle and transferred it to his coat pocket.

On that particular June evening the assistant at Messrs—— had been gravely cogitating whether he would be justified in wedding the girl of his choice, who was too delicate to be able to add to the common purse, on a salary of $600 a year, and had decided in the negative.

Six months after a quiet but very happy wedding party returned to a very flourishing chemist's shop in the neighborhood of Cavendish Square, which bore the name of the assistant over the front as its proprietor. And if you have ever occasion to consult the great physician, you may be sure that, whatsoever his opinion of your case may be, he will add, as he hands you your prescription: "Be sure you have it made up at a good chemist's. Mr. —— is an extremely careful dispenser, and in addition personally analyses every drug which goes into his place. Thank you. Good morning."

THE ANCIENT DINNER-TABLE.—In the study of the service of the ancient dinner-table the amount of ceremony which invested the meals of our forefathers is one of the first things which strikes us, a peculiarity, however, which is easily accounted for when we recollect that during the Middle Ages men separated from one another in rank so widely as were the feudal baron and his retainers were accustomed to eat together in common—a practice which could scarcely fail to have resulted in the growth of an elaborate system of etiquette.

The ancient fashion of arranging the tables for a meal is still preserved in college halls, where the "high table" stands transversely on a raised platform at the upper end of the room.

It was the farther side of this "table of dais" which at a feudal feast was alone occupied, the master of the house and his chief guests thus emphatically dining in public before his vassals.

Everything pertaining to the service of this table was conducted with a ritual of almost ecclesiastical minuteness.

At a time when, from the crown vassal to the petty baron, a man's safety and consequence depended on the number of followers he could muster, the greater part of the revenues of an estate were spent in the support of retainers and hangers on, and, there being thus no lack of service, the various duties of a household were much subdivided.

The modern term "butler's pantry" marks the coalescence of two offices, formerly distinct, when the butler, or "botelier," presided over the buttery, or "botelerie," and the panter, or "pantler," over the pantry, or bread closet.

The duties of carver, server, and cupbearer were held to be very honorable ones and could be discharged by men of high rank; and in great establishments the butler, the pantler, the porter and the officers of all the several household departments had each his own contingent of grooms and yeomen.

YOUTH.—Time rolls onward but never backward. It is like the stream in this respect. It bears the youth onward to manhood, and those in manhood to old age. Such is the order, and it is never reversed. Those that have passed out of the season of youth never return to it again.

A person may wish that he could begin his life anew and live it over again, that he may shun the mistakes that he has made; but it is a vain wish—it cannot be gratified. Hence the importance of improving the season of youth wisely and well. This has been characterised as the spring season of life. The spring of the year is the sowing season, and every wise husbandman is careful to improve it well. He is diligent in casting in his seed and in making timely preparation for a harvest, for he is well aware that if he neglects the appropriate work of the season, he will not reap in the autumn. And in like manner should the youth improve the springtime of life; he should then sow with reference to a harvest in the autumn of life. Neglect to do this will be sure to be followed by unhappy results.

"NO TIME!"—No time to mend your dress? But, when the little hole catches on a nail, you will have to mend it, and it will be an hour's work, while five minutes would have sufficed. No time to lull that weak? But when your garden is full of weeds, you will find time. No time to teach that child habits of neatness, or show it what is right and what is wrong? Ah, but you will have time enough in the after years to bewail your forgetfulness of that little immortal soul entrusted to your keeping. We all have time for twenty things a day, which we do not do, busy as we may think ourselves.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES AND PREVENTS

COLDS COUGHS SORE THROAT INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS PNEUMONIA SWELLING OF THE JOINTS LUMBAGO, INFLAMMATIONS

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

FROSTBITES CHILBLAINS, HEADACHE TOOTHACHE ASTHMA

DIFFICULT BREATHING.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain. Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest, or Limbs. It was the first and is the only Pain Remedy

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Constipation, Piles.

Sick Headache, Female Complaints, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Humorous.

ALL HE DID.

He tumbled from his weary wheel
And set it by the door,
Then stood, as though he joyed to feel
His feet on earth once more;
And, as he mopped his rumpled head,
His face was wreathed in smiles;
"A very pretty run," he said—
"I did a hundred miles!"

"A hundred miles!" I cried. "Ah, think—
What beauties you have seen—
The reedy streams where cattle drink,
The meadows rich and green!
Where did you wend your rapid way—
Through lofty woodland aisles?"
He shook his head. "I cannot say—
I did a hundred miles!"

"What hamlets saw your swift tires spin?
Ah, how I envy you!
To lose the city's dust and din
Beneath the heaven's blue,
To get a breath of county air,
To lean o'er rustic stiles!'
He only said, "The roads were fair—
I did a hundred miles!"

—U. N. Noxs.

Quite a rich idea—Turning money to account.

When is a sailor not a sailor?—When he is ashore.

The man who drives away customers—The cabman.

A close friend—The one who never lends you anything.

Why a hen lays an egg—Because she can't stand it on end.

Why has an ocean voyage no terrors for physicians?—Because they are accustomed to sea sickness.

A goat, recently sent by rail from Chicago to Boston, was ticketed by the owner in this fashion—"Please pass the butter."

Query.—What could a small boy have been thinking of when he spelled the word slippers" "s-l-a-p-p-e-r-s"

"Let go the anchor!" yelled the sea captain.

"I ain't a-touching it," said the new deckhand.

Temperance lecturer: Friends, how can we stop the sale of liquor?

Inebriate, in the rear of the hall: Give it away!

"There is one good thing about Cupid," remarked Wigwag, as he gazed at a picture of the little naked god; "when he plays his tricks on us he can't laugh in his sleeve."

Yeast: Do you give your dog any exercise?

Crimsonbeak: Oh, yes; he goes for a tramp nearly every day.

Fond mother: Did you have a nice time at the picnic?

Little Dick: Yes; only there wasn't enough ice cream an' cake. I ain't a bit sick.

He: Have you met Miss Richgirl?

She: Once or twice.

He: Pretty sharp, isn't she?

She: I should say so. One has to keep away from her elbows!

"We had a very interesting event—or rather a pair of 'em—at our house this morning."

"Caesar! Not twins?"

"No; our boy put on his first trousers."

Mrs. Minks: Isn't it queer that such a little bit of a country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?

Mr. Minks: Well, I don't know. You're not very big yourself, my dear.

"I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen.

"Yes," said the official of the water company; "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish—all we are able to furnish is bait."

"Why," asked the youngest of the neophytes, "why should truth always rise again when crushed to earth?"

"Because of its elasticity, of course," answered the philosopher. "Don't you know how easy it is to stretch the truth?"

She: Oh, Mr. Sorney, I am so grateful to you for your thoughtfulness in writing so promptly to tell me of poor Harry's accident!

He: Pray don't mention it; I was very glad to have the opportunity of doing it!

Old mercator, to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy, and produces testimonial from clergyman: We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from any one who knows you on week days?

"I had a long argument with Digby this morning," said the controversial man, "and I convinced him."

"So he told me."

"Ha! he acknowledged it to you, did he?"

"Yes; he said he'd rather be convinced than talked to death any day."

"Who'd you vote for yesterday, Ben?"

"De man what make de 'rangement wid me."

"What man?"

"De man what change a one dollar bill for me' an give me two fives an' a ten in change!"

THE CROCODILE SHOP.

Among the houses recently pulled down in Paris to make way for the new Boulevard St. Michael, was a well-known wine shop, more celebrated, however, for a large crocodile which was suspended from the ceiling of the shop than for the wine that was retailed.

This animal was stuffed, and was remarkable for its large proportions, formidable rows of glistening teeth, and for several arrows which pierced its scaly sides. Such a beast could not be without a history. Here it is:

The wine house was occupied formerly by medical students. The landlord was an amiable, easy-going man, and though not precisely willing to allow the students to live rent free, was never very exacting, and always ready to give his lodgers time to pay their dues.

It happened, however, that one of the students was not only far behind in his payments for rent, but also owed the landlord a considerable sum for board. For a long time the latter did not press for payment, but when the sum amounted to $250 he began to get impatient for his money. Under these circumstances the student cudgeled his brains to devise means to satisfy his landlord; but all his attempts to earn money honestly were fruitless, and he began to despair; when a fortunate change relieved him of his difficulty.

Being so far reduced as to sell his clothes, he saw in the shop where he had parted with his garments a large crocodile wretchedly stuffed.

"How much do you want for that beast?" he inquired of the old-clothesman.

"Ten francs," replied the latter.

"Oh, you are joking. Ten francs for such a villainous beast as that! Come, now, I will give you three."

"Done!" exclaimed the old clothes merchant, and away went the student with his purchase, taking care to bring it into his lodging at nightfall, in order that his landlord should not see it.

He now set to work to restuff the crocodile, and by dint of hot water and paint, varnish, false teeth and glass eyes, succeeded in restoring the animal to life like similitude, and making it a formidable-looking crocodile.

When he had completed his task, he purchased seven arrows, attached feathers to them of the most brilliant and showy plumage, and then thrust the points into the sides of the crocodile.

This done, he placed the beast in a closet in his room, disposing it in such a manner that by leaving the door open it might be easily seen.

Many days had not elapsed before the landlord paid his lodger an early visit. The student, who had not risen, hearing his landlord's voice outside the door, and conscious of the object of being waited on, opened the closet door, requested the landlord to enter, and then jumped into bed again.

The student's apprehensions were true; the landlord had come for a portion, at least, of his rent.

He was at first disposed to deal leniently with his lodger, until the latter declared he was without a sou, and, moreover, did not think it probable that he should be able to discharge his lodging debt.

On hearing this, the landlord became furious, and was proceeding to threaten the student with legal proceedings, when turning around his eyes fell on the magnificent crocodile within the closet.

His curiosity being aroused, he requested to know how his lodger became possessed of the animal, and whether any history was attached to it.

On this the student, who desired nothing better, and who had laid his plans to entrap his landlord, proceeded to inform him that the crocodile in question was on the point of devouring one of his uncles in South America, when it was pierced by the arrows still in its sides, discharged by savages who appeared at the critical time.

During the recital of the story the landlord regarded the animal with great admiration; and when the student had finished, he exclaimed:

"Do you know that the crocodile would make an excellent shop sign? Come, what will you sell it to me for?"

The student declared that to part with so interesting a family relic was out of the question; but when his landlord's offer ran high he at length gave way and the crocodile finally became his property for the sum of twelve hundred francs, and the further understanding that the student's debt was to be canceled.

The price was certainly extravagant, bearing in mind that for which the student had obtained the animal; but the landlord had no reason to repent his bargain; for it made not only his fortune, but that of his two successors, and is, moreover, likely to make that of a third.

Suspended from the ceiling of the wine shop, hundreds came to see the great crocodile which was killed when about to devour a man, and now the proprietor of the wine shop, lately demolished, has carried it off with the purpose of setting it up in his new premises.

TRUTH.—It is sometimes affirmed that nothing is easier than always to tell the simple and undisguised truth, and that therefore insincerity is left without the shadow of excuse. This is a most unguarded statement, and is its own refutation.

It would almost be nearer accuracy to say that few things were more arduous. There are two serious difficulties in the way of this supposed simple virtue.

One is to discover exactly what is true, and the other is to know when, where, and how to tell it, and when to refrain. The more a man cultivates his judgment and educates his conscience the more fully he will appreciate both these difficulties.

It is doubtless easy enough for the unthinking and loquacious man to blurt out in season and out of season, whatever happens to be uppermost in his mind, but, when for that reason he boasts of his truthfulness, we can neither agree with nor commend him, for he has neither taken pains to assure himself of the exact truth of what he utters nor has he considered whether or not it were better that it should be uttered.

Good intentions are at least the seeds of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the season whether they come up or not, and whether he or any other gather the fruit

LIQUOR HABIT EASILY CURED. Does not interfere with business. Send for particulars
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RIPANS TABULES REGULATE THE STOMACH LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath and all disorders of the stomach, Liver and bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

SALESMEN WANTED—$100 to $125 per month and expenses. Staple line; position permanent, pleasant and profitable. Address, with stamp, KING MFG Co., T 187, Chicago.

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Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 25, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," "Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder

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Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express	daily	9.00 a m	
Parlor and Dining Car, Black Diamond Express	Week-days,	12.30 p m	Through Trains to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Canandaigua, Watkins, Elmira, Waverly, Binghamton, Oswego, Syracuse, Utica, Rome, Albany, Troy, Saratoga, Lake George, Montreal, Burlington, Rutland, Bellows Falls, Brattleboro, Keene, Worcester, Boston.
For Buffalo, Parlor Car		6.34 p m	
Buffalo and Chicago Exp. Sleeping Cars.	daily.	9.45 p m	

Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.10, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—7.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.05, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 8.55, 7.39, 10.09, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 5.12, 6.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 8.55, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 5.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 9.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.24, 8.31, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m, Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.51, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.35 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 8.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 5.51, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves. Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1 00 Excursion train, 7 10 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.01, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.55 a m, 4.34 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.00 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi Avenue only), 6.10 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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